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NEWS AND VIEWS

Don Luce, who resigned last fall as director of International Voluntary Services in Vietnam in protest over U.S. war policies, argues that one of the big considerations in the decision of South Vietnam's bishops to speak out at last for an end to the bombing and for a negotiated settlement to the war is the toll of the war on the moral fiber of the nation.

According to Luce, the bishops are face to face with the fact that American bombs and the massive G.I. presence are close to turning South Vietnam into a land of refugees, beggars, prostitutes and juvenile delinquents.

"There are 2 million refugees in a country of 16 million, according to the government's own figures," Luce noted at a press conference at New York's Overseas Press Club. "That's one person in eight." But it is possible, he added, that the refugee number may actually be in the vicinity of 4 million, or one person in four of the total population.

Luce described the refugee situation as "a greater tragedy than napalm." Whether it is or it isn't, it certainly escalates the moral problems which Luce holds are factors in the bishops' speaking out.

Luce cited estimates that in Saigon alone there are 20,000 bar-girls whose incomes are linked to the G.I. presence. That figure does not include the number working in brothels. And then there are thousands more similarly occupied in Hue, Cochin and other population centers of the country.

"These girls are now making between $400 and $500 a month," Luce declared. "When the war is over, they will be back earning $20 a month, as waitresses, farm hands or factory workers."

But the tragedy in these girls' future is not economic, Luce pointed out; it will be in getting married. Their wartime profession will be no secret; there will not be many men who will want them, nor many families anxious to accept them as in-laws.

All of which quickens the relevancy of the question that must haunt South Vietnam's bishops: What will there be left of family life and marriage traditions in a nation, where one-eighth to one-fourth of the population are refugees, and a disproportionate number of the single girls have been caught up, by circumstances largely beyond their control, in prostitution?

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One theory offered at the convention of the Mariological Society of America for the decline in Catholic devotion to Mary: not changed or changing emphases in the teaching of the Church, but the "modern woman," who wants "neither virginity nor motherhood" as exemplified by Mary.

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An advertisement in the Dec. 18 *San Juan Star* took the form of a warrant for the arrest of Johnson, McNamara, Rusk and Westmoreland for the "crimes" of violating the U.S. Constitution, the U.N. Charter, the 1954 Geneva Accords and the 1949 Geneva Convention.

The ad argued that if the four "were in the same position of captivity as the Nazis accused at Nuremberg, they would very likely be judged guilty of similar crimes. The fact that they are in positions of power—which protects them from such judicial action—does not establish their innocence."

•

Alceu Amoroso Lima (Tristan de Athayde), noted author, member of the Brazilian Academy and of the Pontifical Commission on Justice and Peace, writing of Camilo Torres, Regis Debray and Che Guevara in the *Jornal do Brasil*:

"Without fear I can praise these three uncommon men—a priest, a philosopher and a doctor—because the more I see violence the more I condemn it and detest it as a means of social change and human progress. But what is undeniable is that these three victims of violence represent, in our epoch of technological pragmatism, an example of what is purest in human nature: the capacity to sacrifice one's-self for a just cause . . .

"The feeling for death manifest in saints and heroes consists precisely in this, that suffering and death have a meaning. To die for a just cause, even by recourse to violent methods which are condemned, has greater worth than to compromise with the worst of violences—that which presents itself today masked as peace, legality or democracy, but which actually is the cause of an unjust social order."

•

What a Mass for Peace means at the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Philadelphia: a procession into the cathedral behind a color guard bearing guns; military chaplains as concelebrants of the Mass; servicemen in uniform as oblation bearers; a sermon by Msgr. Thomas J. Welch castigating war resisters as "cowards who fear to give their lives for their country"; ignoring of Pope Paul's plea for prayers for an end to the bombing; and exclusion from any official part in the ceremonies of priests who have been critical of the war.

When, in response, 25 clergy and laymen of several faiths sought a few days later to deliver a letter of concern to Cardinal Krol, they were stopped from entering the Chancery by members of the Philadelphia Police Department's civil disobedience squad.

The whole business fitted the Philadelphia pattern. Last Lent, the Catholic Peace Fellowship was denied SS. Peter and Paul Cathedral as a place to observe the fast and prayers for peace sponsored nationally by Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam.

•

Efforts by a New York television station to film a discussion about the U.S. bishops' pastoral letter, "The Church in our Day," were abandoned after calls to some ten bishops turned up only one —Bishop Wright of Pittsburgh—willing to appear on the program. Mutual scheduling conflicts kept him and the station apart.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Pope and Peace

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: The Dec. 15 peace message of Pope Paul was massively distorted by the United States press . . . The result was that the Pope's message was used by much of the press as a club on the heads of peacemakers. This was quite the contrary of what the message said. In general the message was a serious warning to men that new, serious dangers to peace threaten all men. . . . The Pope then suggests what should be done about these dangers . . . He calls for effective education toward mutual respect between nations; toward human brotherhood; toward racial cooperation. Support for international organizations devoted to peace is needed to give them the prestige, power and hope required for their success. He calls for an annual day of peace as a help towards this process of peace.

It was from this context that the U.S. press took the following few lines, "Peace may not favor the cowardice of those who fear it may be their duty to give their life for the service of their country or their brothers." "Peace is not pacifism [passivism]: it does not mask a base and slothful concept of life."

On the basis of these lines set in this context the U.S. press created the following headlines: "Pope Rebukes Cowards," *Evening Journal*, Wilmington, Delaware, Dec. 15: "Pope Assails Draft Evaders," *Washington Post*, Dec. 15: "Pope Paul Hits Draft Dodgers," *Miami Herald*, Dec. 16: "Pope Rebukes Draft Dodging in Peace Bid," *Chicago Tribune*, Dec. 16: "Pope Hits Pacifist Cowardice," *Cleveland, Ohio, Press*, Dec. 15: "Pope Blasts at Cowards," *Oklahoma Times*, Dec. 15.

Such headlines are not merely a wrong emphasis. They are a real distortion of what the Pope said . . . The message of the Pope was basically critical of the drift towards nuclear war, a plea to reverse the war-process, a call to push the peace-process.

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TROUBLED WATERS

President Johnson's State of the Union message was an exercise in consensus politics after the consensus has long since ceased to exist. Still clinging to the idea that the domestic malaise can be cured by some deftly handled interest-group manipulation, the President dangled carrots of monetary strictures before the Right and resurrected social-reform measures before the Left. For the hawks he promised unremitting pursuit of victory, for the doves the prospect of a negotiated settlement, in all giving the impression not merely that the Administration had gone off into a wonderland of contradictions but that our public policy was approaching the schizophrenic. The message's only saving grace was that no one was expected to believe it, a fact attested to by the President's own obvious disinterest, leading even the casual observer to note how unprogrammatic the whole episode had become, how evidently geared to fusing the tattered remnants of the Democratic party into something passable for the coming election.

But even for a President who has distinguished himself repeatedly for the froth of his political gestures, this message bore witness to the empty visions of the current leadership. In the field of housing and jobs alone, the two stimuli designed to warm liberal hearts, the message was one of posturing and yea-saying. Six million new housing units were proposed; yet as Tom Wicker astutely noted, "Secretary Weaver disclosed the next day that no new programs to reach that goal were being planned. As long as $25.7 billion is being spent every year on the war in Vietnam . . . the chances of getting enough money out of Congress to build 600,000 housing units in every one of the next ten years is negligible." In the urgent area of job programs, James P. Gannon writing in the *Wall Street Journal* is willing to "pardon the poor if unfulfilled promises have jaded their outlook." The President's heralded Concentrated Employment Program, which was announced by

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Secretary Wirtz last March, was to put from 25,000 to 40,000 people into jobs in "the next six months" and an additional 100,000 to 150,000 during the current fiscal year. "Nine months after its announcement," Mr. Gannon writes, "the Concentrated Employment Program has provided jobs for 6,900 persons. . . ." Indeed, as the President made clear in his message, virtually no new money was being requested for new programs unrelated to military exigencies. What the speech reflected was the Administration's consuming obsession with the war and its inclination to go along with a conservative Congress in extracting payment from the poor until that point when the N.L.F. and the North Vietnamese decide to surrender unconditionally to American armies.

It is, then, in light of the coming election and with a transfixed gaze at the Far East that Mr. Johnson's message must be seen, and not in terms of what is appropriately termed our "urban crisis." And it is in light of the President's peculiar reluctance to countenance the legitimacy of the domestic opposition that his rhetorical question "Why, why then, this restlessness?" hangs so meaningless in the superheated air. His answer, that the nation was being steered through troubled waters to "new and better shores" is as egregious as it is revealing—revealing of a President grown almost hopelessly out of touch with an electorate become less amenable to the glitter of eight million automobiles a year or seventy million television sets and a Gross National Product zooming to the $1 trillion mark. Administration spokesmen continue to "explore" the sincerity of the latest peace overture, now over one month old, but thanks to statements like that of Mr. William Bundy, who expressed doubts that the North was ready to capitulate, the nation has grown weary and in some parts is in open revolt. Mr. Johnson has shown his ability to insulate himself from this revolt but no capacity to go to its source.

BALTIMORE'S PARISHES

Like many another old, large American city, Baltimore has all the by-now standard problems of physical and human blight: a declining inner-city population, a shift in the Negro-white ratio, slums, crime, poverty, and confusion. It also has a large Catholic population, an ingredient it shares with every other large and troubled American city. Nearly two years ago, Cardinal Shehan commissioned a Baltimore Urban Parish Study, the purpose of which would be to chart future directions for the Church in Baltimore, particularly in those areas where the urban crisis was hitting with its fullest impact.

That study is now complete, and the results, published in an impressive booklet distributed to all priests, school principals, and other Church and secular officials in the Archdiocese, is a model of intelligent, sensitive thought, surveying and planning. Three qualities stand out in the Study. First, there is a happy absence of pious rhetoric and heavenly visions; the tone is realistic yet hopeful. Second, there is the evident hand of professional competence, yet a hand which has written in a way free of jargon. Third, there is an uncommon candor in the recommendations made in the Study, a candor given substance by the specificity of its remarks. To give an example on this last point: the Study has surveyed each parish individually and does not hesitate to give praise and pass out blame about the way the parish has met its urban responsibilities. The approach of one parish, with its name and address given, is criticized as being "mostly traditional, superbly done indeed, but old-fashioned, tired, and, at heart, despairing of effecting any lasting good." Just how remarkable this kind of specificity is in the American Catholic Church, particularly when it emanates from hierarchical sources, needs no underscoring.

But if the candor gives a pungency and a sense of genuine seriousness to the Study, the more important parts deal with the plans and proposed programs. Among these are a number of recommendations for the suppression or merging of some very old parishes, for a shift in emphasis in many other parishes, for fresh, experimental programs in still others—and, once again, with the names and addresses of the parishes. More broadly, there are recommendations for the use of church buildings and schools as community centers, the establishment of professionally staffed planning and development councils, the better use of the personal talents and interests of individual priests. Particularly impressive are the recommendations made to place the Church in the middle of urban housing renewal.

Preliminary reports indicate that a number of the recommendations are quickly being implemented. Already two parishes have been eliminated and consolidation is under way among many more. An Archdiocesan Planning Office, under the direction of a professional city planner, has been established. No doubt a full implemen-

NEXT WEEK

Robert E. Neil examines the population question in the U.S. in *Commonweal's* Feb. 9 issue, and says:

"Confronted by smog and traffic jams, we Americans prefer to say that the trouble is too many cars instead of too many commuters. We treat the symptoms rather than the disease . . . We would rather regulate sewer pipes and smokestacks than stabilize our population."

Father Harry Hass writes of the Catholic Church in North Vietnam:

"When the Japanese surrendered in 1945, Ho declared the country independent . . . Certainly some of Ho's opponents were Catholics and some undoubtedly opposed him on ideological grounds. But Catholics who had no political affiliations were ignored by the Communists."

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tation of the Study would entail something close to an Archdiocesan revolution. But to judge from the Study itself, some of its early successes and the backing of the Cardinal, there is good reason to hope that the will for that revolution exists.

REBELS AND RELIGIOUS

Can a missionary be a guerrilla? Not in Guatemala and get away with it, as two Maryknoll priests and a Maryknoll nun recently discovered after being ordered out of the country and suspended by their superiors for collaborating in secret with the Communist Rebel Armed Forces. Father Thomas Melville, 37, and his brother Arthur, 34, who had worked for several years among the Indians in the backward mountain regions of the north, became convinced that little progress toward social justice could be achieved within Guatemala's present political and social structure. Sister Marian Peter, working in the university in Guatemala City, the capital, apparently came to the same conclusion. Thus, they gradually turned to the underground guerrilla movement. The sad part of their suspension and eviction is that their superiors generally agree on the need for stringent social reform in Guatemala but felt that the three religious might be used by both Communist and rabid right-wing groups for their own purposes, possibly provoke U.S. intervention and finally endanger Maryknoll's whole mission program in Guatemala and in six other Latin American nations.

Since missionaries operate in any country on sufferance of the civil authorities, they are not entirely free agents. They enjoy certain protections that are almost diplomatic in nature but they are handicapped in other respects: they are barred from political action, whether in the broad or narrow sense, and this restricts their efforts for social change. The situation is patently different with priest nationals, like Colombia's rebel priest, Camilo Torres, shot to death while with a guerrilla band, like the three priests in Tucumán, Argentina, currently under fire as labor "agitators," like the Brazilian clergy increasingly calling for radical reform even if, as Bishop Jorge Marcos de Oliveiro of Santo Andre said, it means "a popular armed revolution." They may all risk jail or death but not an international incident, as would an American, French, Belgian or German missionary saying the same thing.

The three Maryknollers in Guatemala, then, have raised questions that go far beyond the borders of one small Central American republic. As the Church breaks its traditional ties with the rich, the powerful and the military in underdeveloped areas like Latin America and lines up on the side of the poor and the oppressed, to what extent may foreign missionaries take part in the revolution? Are they, who are often in the vanguard of reform, doomed to stay on the sidelines, forbidden full commitment lest they implicate their religious congregation or nation?

On the other hand, should any clergy or religious allow themselves to participate in violent revolution? The scandal of Christian complicity in past wars should encourage strong reservations now about the usefulness of violence as a solution to political and social problems. It may be that it is too late to prevent violent revolution, but the prospect of pistol-packing nuns and gun-running clergy is still a gloomy one.

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EXIT IN SOUTH VIETNAM

SICK CALL FOR A GENERAL

On January 6, 1968, the South Vietnamese Army General Staff announced that Brigadier General Phan Trong Chinh, commander of the 25th ARVN (Army of the Republic of Viet Nam) Division had been ordered to take an extended sick leave. The Vietnamese newspapers commented that General Chinh's leave was "not because of illness, but because of his quite anti-American policy." I have confirmation that General Chinh is very healthy.

General Chinh is known in South Viet Nam as a xenophobic nationalist who for the past year has been considered by the US Command as "a symbol of US-Vietnam disharmony." His anti-US stand was first made public on Nov. 28, 1966, when he issued an order of the day to his troops in which he accused Colonel Cecil F. Honeycutt, his American adviser, of "impoliteness, threats and other high-handed methods."

General Chinh (his name means "conquer") was born 42 years ago in North Vietnam of a wealthy family. His father, Phan Trong Vinh, a major in the French Army, was killed by the Viet Minh in 1949. At the end of the First Indochinese War (1945-1954), Phan Trong Chinh commanded the 3rd Battalion of Vietnamese paratroopers and he was known as one of Vietnam's bravest and most decorated officers. When the 1954 Geneva Agreements temporarily divided Vietnam at the 17th parallel, Phan Trong Chinh moved South, joined the ARVN, and became Chief of Staff for the Paratroopers Brigade.

In November 1960, he became embroiled in the abortive palace coup against President Diem and was arrested in Saigon. Hauled before the Military Tribunal, he did not ask for mercy as did most of the other accomplices, but denounced Diem's regime as nepotic and arbitrary.

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He was sentenced to 18 years at hard labor in the infamous Poulo Condore Island prison. He did not need to serve that long. When Diem was overthrown on Nov. 1st, 1963, Phan Trong Chinh was freed. A few months later, he was named Chief of the province of Pleiku in the highlands but he remained at that post only a few weeks. He got bored with administrative duties and disgusted with the prevailing corruption among officials around him. He longed for a military command.

The occasion arose when his old friend, Nguyen Chanh Thi, the leader of the palace revolt against Diem, returned from exile in Cambodia to become Commander of the First Division in the I Corps. Chinh, by then a Colonel, joined Thi in Quang Ngai, a Viet Cong stronghold bordering Laos. He distinguished himself in several battles and in March, 1965 was transferred to command of the 25th Division, strategically located at Duc Hoa, about 20 miles southwest of Saigon. Its main task was to guard routes in and out of the capital during times of political unrest. Chinh was promoted to Brigadier General in July, 1966.

But then came his famous "order of the day" the following November. Since then, General Chinh has been the subject of repeated attacks by the American Command, which has described Chinh as the "worst Vietnamese General." On December 26, 1967, Hanson W. Baldwin, military critic of the New York *Times* wrote: "In strong contrast [to other divisions] is the 25th Vietnamese Division and its commanding general Brigadier General Phan Trong Chinh, a political supporter of Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, but scarcely, in the American view, a division commander. Americans from the highest to the lowest levels have been trying for more than two and a half years to have General Chinh transferred to a staff job in the hope that his ineffective division might become a real combat force. But General Chinh is still in command. Marshal Ky has told some Americans that he cannot possibly relieve the general now that the American press has made him a *cause célèbre,* lest the Vice President be accused of being a Washington puppet."

General Phan Trong Chinh's anti-U.S. attitude is not that of a simple "hot-headed officer." It is the result of the United States' massive military escalation in South Vietnam and the relegation of the ARVN to the humiliating role of baby-sitting and "pacification." With half a million soldiers, with over $2 billion a month to spend, with over 16,000 killed and 100,000 wounded, it would be impossible for the U.S. not to interfere in the affairs of South Vietnam, especially its military affairs. General Vo Nguyen Giap, Minister of Defense and Commander in Chief of the Army of North Vietnam, saw this interference as a very important element in the "eventual defeat of the U.S." In a two-hour interview with Mr. Jacques Decornoy in Hanoi (reported in *Le Monde,* Dec. 8, 1966), General Giap, the victor at Dien Bien Phu, was quoted as having said: "The puppet troops [the ARVN] have been defeated. And also there are conflicts between arrival of the Americans, for the Americans themselves have been defeated. And also there are conflicts among the Americans and the puppet troops. It is a very serious problem for the Americans."

The dismissal (which is what it was) of General Phan Trong Chinh will certainly have repercussions in the shaky internal affairs of South Vietnam. He is a friend of Vice President Ky and also a close friend of General Le Nguyen Khang, commander of the Third Army Corps whose troops surround Saigon and occupy the capital. He has four brothers, all in the ARVN, ranking from captain to colonel, and family loyalty is still an important fact in Vietnamese life. Vice President Ky, who said that he was afraid that relieving General Chinh would make him a "puppet of the Americans," can now blame General Thieu, the chief of state, for Chinh's removal. In any case, his ouster is sure to create a great deal of disturbance in the coming year, a year in which General Westmoreland has predicted victory for the U.S. and a larger role for the ARVN.

TRAN VAN DINH

(Tran Van Dinh, a journalist and lecturer now living in Washington, D.C., was Chargé d' Affaires of South Vietnam in the United States in 1963.)

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FRENCH TELEVISION

LE TUBE BOOB

Paris

The television panel was supposed to discuss the pre-World War I *entente cordiale* between England and France. A pleasant topic for amateurs of diplomacy and Edwardian buffs—which suddenly turned into a national event when one participant began an attack on Charles de Gaulle. Some things simply aren't done on French TV.

Contrasting the good old days with the present Anglo-French impasse, Lady Asquith was soon carrying on like Nelson at Trafalgar. The General, she declared, is "a chief of state who with age has lost his good sense just as King Edward VII with age had gained his." A telephone next to the discussion leader rang. "De Gaulle calling," I thought.

Not de Gaulle himself, as it turned out, but some one of his faithful elves who see to it that 80-year-old ladies don't commit *lèse-majesté* on state-sponsored television. Two days later the head of one of the two French chan-

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nels was dismissed with no explanation. He promptly returned the favor by charging that a group of ministerial bureaucrats meets daily to rule what must be put on or kept off the air.

Not that an observant viewer awaited these revelations to recognize the news control of the French government. Each new hospital or bridge gets its two minutes on the evening news. Coverage of domestic politics is perfunctory. If a controversial national issue is presented, a spokesman for the relevant ministry is inevitably on hand. In foreign affairs the treatment serves the American viewer well. He will see films from North Vietnam or China not likely to be featured by Chet and Dave. He will hear discussion of American foreign policy, torture in Vietnam, the revolution in Latin America, in tones which would create some new harmonies on American networks. But all the while he is nagged by the realization that these items are emphasized only because they do not inconvenience French policies. On a program reporting children's reactions to photos of current events, a Frenchman of six or seven years coolly explained Vietnam roughly as follows: "There was a good president who was assassinated, and then there was a bad president, Johnson, who hates all the blacks and Vietnamese, so he is trying to kill them." That child has an individual approach to politics, and I would have enjoyed hearing his opinion of the *force de frappe* as well. I doubt if the General's elves would have allowed it.

If some things simply aren't done on French television, with both its channels government-sponsored, other things are done in sharp contrast to the star-spangled wasteland. Freedom from commercial pressures seems to mean just what its advocates have always insisted: the possibility of French scheduling offers enough prime-time programs on such topics as Baudelaire's art criticism, the economic implications of weapons research, or even on the television industries of other nations, to fulfill an American network's culture quota for a year. In general, French TV acts more as an extension of the other arts than as a competitor. New books and new art exhibits receive brief notices and often occasion interviews. Plays and concerts are broadcast regularly.

The tightest link is to the movies, not financially as in the American case, but artistically. A number of shows give excerpts from new and old movies, and discuss work in process with leading directors. A quiz program matches experts on film history. A once-a-week showing of a major film is followed by a discussion of a cinematic topic.

The more significant relationship, however, is that of form. French television freely borrows from, and reciprocally trains for, the new cinema. Interviews employ the tricks of *cinéma-verité*. The camera is agile, fingering the objects on the interviewee's desk, focusing on his shifting feet, wandering out the window while the talk goes on. The cameraman may zoom in on a book title or catch a telling action. In a recent profile of a French businessman, the camera followed the subject and his wife through a farmyard. A sudden closeup of their feet . . . and one realized that the businessman was walking on the flagstones while his wife stepped through the mud! Two interviews with opponents in a Latin American election were spliced together to make an exciting debate; but a further effect was achieved by shifting the camera during much of the talk to the candidates' wives, following their expressions, bored or dutiful, noting the cut of their clothes and the extent of their jewelry. Where American TV, like Hollywood movies, sticks to the well-made sequence, logical and clear as a primer, the French strive for the key image, the symbol, the expressive composition.

And like French cinema, French television enjoys the insights of serious criticism. (Made possible, one might add, by the fact that there is only so much French television to criticize; as in other European countries, French broadcasting during the work week is limited to evenings.) Directors are held responsible for their achievements, and individual artistic reputations thus become a spur to quality work.

In television as in politics, talk is the Gallic strength and (therefore) weakness. Almost every film is followed by a discussion. (Sometimes the movies are flimsy historical melodramas, which balance nicely with an erudite conversation; but clearly the discussion is the real aim, and the movie only an excuse.) The effect can be brilliant, as when Eisenstein's "Oktober" was capped by a discussion of the Russian revolution. The panel included scholars, Russian emigrés, the editor of *L'Humanité*, and several participants in the events of 1917. Or the effect can be ludicrous, as when Howard Hawks' horse-and-bust opera, *The Outlaw*, was buried in a discussion of "The Image of Woman in the American Western."

Many of these panels mean to manifest "neutrality" on a government medium, while broaching controversial topics. Lady Asquith proved how far from genuine such neutrality is in practice. Still, American networks could consider the technique. I, for one, would appreciate seeing discussants like David Schoenbrun, Douglas Pike, Tom Hayden and Hanson Baldwin commenting on several of the already available films concerning U.S. action in Vietnam. "Establishment" TV documentaries might well be completed by a discussion of the presentation with representatives of the radical left and right included on the panel.

For America's "independent" television has no right to smirk over French failures to provide open political discussion. The same papers carrying news of government censorship in Paris reported that Senator McCarthy's bid for equal time with President Johnson had been rejected by the F.C.C. PETER STEINFELS

(Peter Steinfels is an Associate Editor of Commonweal *presently writing from France.)*

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WAITING FOR INDICTMENT

WHO'S NEXT?

Why those five and not any of the rest of us, not yet anyway? There are dozens of clergymen across the country who have received the draft cards of troubled, conscientious young men. There are other doctors who have counseled resistance, other writers who have entered the Justice Department's imposing precincts. There are dozens of graduate students who have aided and abetted. There are hundreds of people of all sorts who have signed the Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority. Why these five, or why them first?

Michael Ferber, the Harvard graduate student among the "Boston Five," has an only half-facetious theory on that question. He says the theory originated with Professor Hilary Putnam of the Philosophy Department, who is also active in the resistance. He calls it the "friend in high places theory." It goes like this: someone way up there in the Justice Department likes us. The Department was under enormous pressure from the White House to produce some indictments. Who should be first? The friend in high places thought it over. Given the fact there have to be some indictments, which ones would help the resistance most? Which would maximize the press coverage, elicit most support, focus the issue most dramatically? Well, let's see. We should include the man whose book is more widely read by the mothers of America than the Bible and the Cookbook put together. We certainly need a minister. Who better than the chaplain of Yale University, (a former CIA counterspy and scion of an old blue-blooded WASP family)? Then of course we need a former member of the Kennedy Administration to make sure the JFK penumbra is touched, preferably one with a staff to do endless hours of research in making the most of the case. We need a writer of course. And last but not least the most innocent, unhippie-looking Harvard grad student we can find. Also, let's make sure their ages are distributed over the life cycle so that every war opponent in America can have someone to identify with, one in his 60's, one in his 50's and so on down to the 20's. Okay? The list is ready. Not one wears a beard or goes to Berkeley.

Now, where do we bring the indictment? Why in Boston, of course. A town with an old tradition of interest in civil liberties (which did not alas extend to Anne Hutchinson or Sacco and Vanzetti), where the resistance movement is particularly active and where thousands of students can be assembled for a demonstration without so much as putting two lanterns in the steeple of Old North Church.

Whether or not the "friends in high places" theory holds, the truth is that there are many elements in the current set of indictments which could not have been better for making the moral case against the Vietnam war clear. And those who received the indictments show every indication of exploiting these elements to the hilt. If the government really presses the trial, the U.S. may be headed for its equivalent of the Dreyfus Affair, a controversy which so divided France that the scars were still raw 50 years later. During the Dreyfus affair, as Barbara Tuchman shows in her brilliant recreation of that epoch in *The Proud Tower,* hardly a family, a university, a newspaper staff, a club, escaped without deep and damaging divisions. The indictment of five dedicated, open and sacrificial men dramatizes the fierce division which already exists. It is bound to deepen as their case proceeds, creating a fissure in our body politic which will add the destruction of America to the devastation of Vietnam as the price we seem willing to pay to pursue our present folly.

The fact that these indictments enable us to catch a glimpse of the apocalyptic domestic intranquillity which awaits us if we continue, and that this may move us to turn back, is good. Frightening but helpful. There is, however, a very bad side to the indictments which must not be overlooked. Instead of a friend in high places, there may be a person up there somewhere who wants all those who oppose the war, and especially those who actively resist it, to realize that the government is now ready to stop at nothing. People who seemed immune or unlikely were selected as proof that the Administration means business.

Has this tactic of terror and harassment already taken a toll? No one will now openly oppose the war, attend a demonstration, apply for CO status or resist the draft actively merely because he wants to do what is right. He will now have to take into serious consideration the fact that advocacy has been defined as conspiracy, that a symbolic gesture like burning a piece of paper has become a substantive crime, that a pulpit is no longer a place protected by tradition and law from the scrutiny of the FBI.

Yet even the bad side has its good side. No one wants an opposition to the war which is based on impulse, or a draft resistance that is spasmodic and unaware of the possible consequences of its action. The indictments will separate the men from the boys, but some of the former boys may now decide to become men.

Meanwhile the rest of us wait for possible further indictments. As we wait, the outrage of the war deepens and the inward pain of those confronted with military service grows more intense. Officials of the Thieu-Ky regime round up striking dock workers and march them back to work at gunpoint in the "free Asia" we are now defending. Bombs cascade on Laos as well as on Vietnam. Reporters are sent home if their accounts of the war do not please someone in Saigon. And Hubert Humphrey, in a 70-minute

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speech in Fresno, defends the morality of the whole operation before 1,000 applauding Democrats.

So while we wait we will continue to oppose the war. And personally I will continue to counsel young men, whose informed consciences forbid them to fight in an unjust war, not to participate. I will make known my own conviction that by any standards I know the war utterly fails to meet the minimal specifications of a "just war." I will insist that every young man I counsel make his own decision, in the quietude of his own spirit, ready to answer to God if he believes in Him or to himself if he doesn't. But once he makes that decision, I will support him in his conscientious choice, even if that choice means violating a federal law, not something that anyone should do lightly. But when the choice comes to obeying either God or man, conscience or state, the moral imperative is clear.

Resisting the draft is not the same as opposing the war, although in our troubled times these two concerns certainly overlap. Organizing opposition to the war is not the same as impairing its execution. We need to stimulate, organize and focus dissent all we can, regardless of what we do about the draft. Nevertheless, as those of us who live close to the campus or have sons of our own know, the war is more than a national moral issue. It is also a deeply personal moral issue, and often a religious issue, for those of draft age. They must decide what to do, and they must not do so "lightly or ill-advisedly" as the Service Book says about marriage. It is their responsibility not to do so lightly. It is our responsibility as their elders that they not do so ill advisedly. We *must* advise and we *must* counsel. It is not only our obligation as ministers and teachers, it it the natural obligation of the older to the younger. If this will bring us all indictments, we will, of course, be saddened. But we will not be deterred. HARVEY COX

(Harvey Cox, author of The Secular City, *is a member of the faculty at Harvard.)*

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MOSLEMS IN THE USSR

THE SOVIET'S ONE-IN-TEN

As Moscow strategists weigh moves in the Arab-Israeli impasse, they are aware of a complication usually overlooked in the West: that is, the one Soviet citizen in ten who is of Moslem origin.

The 30 million Soviet Moslems—more than the population of Egypt—watch events in the Middle East through the prism of close historical affinity with the Arab world. Their ancestors lived under Islam for more than 1,000 years. Uzbeks, Tatars, Kazakhs, Tadzhiks, Azerbaidzhanis and other Soviet nationalities of Turkic or Iranian origin share with the Arabs common elements of cultural and religious heritage, going back to the days when cities like Samarkand, Bukhara and Khorezm were centers of Islamic art and learning. These people live mostly in the vital area along the Soviet border with China, Afghanistan, Iran and Turkey. Six Moslem nationalities have their own "union republics." Some of them, mainly the Kazakhs and Uighurs, have cousins among the Moslems of China's restless Sinkiang Province. Whatever affects their attitude toward Soviet rule is a matter of continuing concern to Moscow.

Like other interest groups in the Soviet Union, the Moslem population must rely chiefly on indirection to influence the regime. In the crucial area of foreign policy, any public commentary which departs from centrally-approved formulations must be couched in Aesopian subtleties, and preferably a language other than Russian. Under these guidelines, a whisper may sound like a shout. When recently a Tashkent newspaper (printed in Uzbek) gave prominence to a grateful account of aid given by Egypt to Uzbek poets who fled the Mongol invasion in the fourteenth-century, this had for the initiated all the force of a public demonstration on behalf of the UAR today. Also, Moslem poets, like their Russian colleagues, are adept at using verse to get around the censors. Not long ago the Azerbaidzhani poetess Nariman Hasanzade managed to launch from Baku a verse appeal (in the Azeri language) to the Arabs, calling on them to take their weapons in hand and drive the Israelis from their soil—this at a time when the Moscow central press was encouraging moderation in the Middle East.

It is less than likely that the pressure of indigenous Moslem opinion alone could lead Moscow to rash action in the Middle East. The stakes in the game, such as a possible confrontation with the U.S., are too high. But the Moslems could conceivably influence policy in other ways. The Kremlin may set limits on any future conciliation of Israel if it feels that this might alienate, in addition to the Arabs themselves, one-tenth of its own population.

There are signs that the Soviet government deals in gingerly fashion with its own Moslems on Middle East questions. Last summer, in the aftermath of the Israeli victory, the official press of Soviet Central Asia was singularly defensive in discussing aid to the Arabs, as if to counter a popular feeling—echoing complaints of the Arabs themselves—that the USSR had let down its allies. When Premier Kosygin distressed Arab opinion by meeting with President Johnson in Glassboro, Soviet newspapers in the Moslem areas were even more reticent about the event than the Moscow press, all but ignoring it. At the same time, Tashkent's *Pravda Vostoka* ("*Pravda of the East*") played up the official denial of charges that

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the Soviet Union was angling for the Arab countries' erstwhile European oil customers. The same paper led the rest of the country's press in publishing denunciations of Israel by local Jews.

While paying heed in this way to Moslem sympathies for the Arab cause, the regime took steps to keep them from getting out of hand. When mass meetings were organized in Moslem areas—as elsewhere in the Soviet Union—to vent popular condemnation of "Israeli aggression," the orchestrators took pains to keep expressions of solidarity with the Arabs carefully muted. In places like Turkmenistan and Uzbekistan, speakers with names straight from the *Arabian Nights* and using languages rich in Arabisms, eschewed references to their peoples' thousand-year ties with the Arab world—a subject that was surely uppermost in the minds of their audiences. They stressed instead that they were condemning Israel as representatives of "the entire Soviet people" or "Soviet workers."

To the Soviet leadership the domestic Moslem presence is a mixed blessing. For years, and especially since Stalin's death, Soviet Asians have been a valuable instrument of foreign policy. In cities like Baku and Tashkent, modern universities, factories, laboratories and hospitals (their senior staffs including women whose mothers lived in *purdah*) have been impressive showplaces for streams of Afro-Asian visitors. The Soviet Union's Asian component has strengthened its bid—hotly contested by Peking—for *bona fide* membership in the Afro-Asian bloc.

On the other hand, Afro-Asian solidarity is a two-way street. An eyewitness reports that when the Shah of Iran visited Soviet Central Asia some years ago he was greeted with greater pomp than Khrushchev used to get. Nasser has been said to be a major popular hero among Soviet Moslems. Legends circulate about a visit which he made to Uzbekistan, during which he is supposed to have insisted that there be no Jews in the parades for him, and to have refused to shake hands with women in the delegation which welcomed him on arrival. These tales are probably apocryphal, but they are told with immense relish by the local people, who comment: "There's a Moslem for you!"

Official census data show clearly that Moslem resistance to Russification has been almost totally successful. What is more, a half-century of Communist rule has brought to once backward areas industrialization and agricultural mechanization, as well as a new indigenous elite, providing a basic which never existed in the past for nationalist *ressentiments*. (Uzbekistan in 1967 was second in the world in cotton production.) Western specialists have been little surprised to find in recent years growing signs of Moslem particularism. There is also the impact of Moscow's own anti-colonialist propaganda: "If Aden deserves independence, why don't we?"

Islam has been a prime target of efforts to discourage Moslem nonconformism. The central regime's attitude toward Islam has softened somewhat since 1952, when a party organ decreed that "it is impossible to build Communism until we have destroyed Islam," but a vigorous anti-Islamic campaign is still being conducted. Official spokesmen are harsh in their condemnation of such practices as fasting and circumcision. During the series of earthquakes that rocked Tashkent in 1966 and 1967, there were numerous complaints about the superstitious conduct of local believers, some of whom were said to have been persuaded that the tremors were the work of angry ancestors rising from their graves and to have paid *mullahs* to pray for their protection. Pilgrimages to Moslem holy places are a widespread activity, regularly disparaged by officialdom.

While the regime has admitted publicly that participation in religious ceremonies is more prevalent among Moslems than any other sect in the Soviet Union, the Moslem spirit is by no means limited to believers. The main pressure of Islam—now in the Soviet Union, as once in British and French colonial possessions—lies not so much in its spiritual force as in the cultural and social cement which it provides for nationalist aspirations. There are many recorded instances, some of them in regime media, of loyal Communists who combine their Marxist espousal of atheism with the continued practice of Islamic ritual forms, and who look wistfully to the polycentrism of Communist Eastern Europe when thinking about their own national problems. There is said to be great interest in Jadidism and other Moslem reform movements which help to reconcile Islam with progressive social theories.

Moslems outside the Soviet Union have reciprocated this interest. Some Arab leaders have been intrigued by the ideas of Sultan Galiev, a Tatar Communist purged by Stalin and still in disgrace with Stalin's heirs: he has never been rehabilitated. Galiev believed in effect that Moslems in the Soviet Union could find their "own road to socialism." The suggestion that his views may have more relevance to the problems of developing countries than the orthodox ideology of Marxism-Leninism is anathema in Moscow.

Russian (and Soviet) hegemony over Moslem areas of the former tsarist empire has been relatively shortlived. In Central Asia, where five of the six Moslem republics are located, it has lasted for little more than a century. In 1967, the city of Samarkand celebrated its 2,500th anniversary (as the Soviet regime marked a mere half-century of existence). Traditional ties between Bukhara and Baghdad, between Baku and Cairo, between Kazan and Istanbul, are more firmly rooted in the Soviet Moslem's ethnic consciousness than his recent links with Moscow.

It is against this background that the influence of domestic Moslems on Soviet policy, both at home and abroad, in the Middle East and elsewhere, will continue to make itself felt.

JAMES CRITCHLOW

(James Critchlow, recently returned from a 13-year assignment in Europe, is an authority on Soviet affairs.)

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THAW IN SOUTH AFRICA?

Selling a new image to black neighbors

BRUCE DETWILER

Except for heart transplants, South Africa is not in the news a great deal today. Nor would South Africa have it otherwise, happy to foster the idea that since Verwoerd is gone, things are getting better. Verwoerd's style had been "*bragdadigheid*," literally—mail-fistedness. But with world attention elsewhere, and with the point already established that South Africa alone will determine her future course, that style has become obsolete. And so Vorster loosens up, or at least his scowl softens, and the new order becomes "*billikheid*"—sweet reasonableness.

A massive Sell South Africa campaign was launched about a year ago: every South African going abroad is supplied with literature explaining how to answer the ticklish questions; diplomats are softening their tones; a million booklets, 142 pages long, in eight languages, have been printed to tell the government's side of the story. It goes on. Vorster goes so far as to advocate tolerance of African nationalism: "Nationalism is the driving force, and if it is right for my people then it is right for other people, irrespective of their colour." Last April saw the spectacle of three black Malawian ministers on a goodwill visit touring Johannesburg in a fleet of *white-chauffeured limousines;* they spent two days at Cape Town's Mount Nelson Hotel, where no other black man better dare go near.

Meanwhile, five to ten thousand political prisoners are incarcerated in South African jails, and resistance is rendered ineffective by the military and the updated Gestapo, or "Special Branch." No, *billikheid* is not for home consumption. All the old laws—the pass systems, the 180-day detentions, the mass removals to the Group Areas—are still in effect. And, at the last session of Parliament, the new Terrorism Bill was passed. It defines terrorism as any act—not crime, act—committed with intent to endanger law and order, and empowers the court to hang a man for it. For committing any of 12 categories of act, one is *presumed* a terrorist—guilty until proved innocent, and secret arrest and *indefinite* detention are allowed for anyone who may know something about it. According to Helen Suzman, this is "the most far-reaching power ever asked for by the government." But there was more. The Coloured Cadet Training Bill paved the way for a pass law for Coloureds. The Suppression of Communism Amendment Bill broadened the government's power to deport "undesirables." The Population Registration Amendment Bill narrowed criteria for being recognized as a white. And it is not over yet. In August, Vorster announced he had "given instructions for a law to be prepared that will make it very painful for newspapers if they present untrue reports. . . . If newspapers are not prepared to discipline themselves, we will do it for them." The warning was directed mainly at South Africa's English press, one of the few recognized voices of protest within the country.

Externally, sweet reasonableness; for those at home, tighter control. The fabric of apartheid is certainly not unraveling; the end now is the same as it was under mail-fistedness—to ensure that nothing, no one, will interfere with white South Africa's way of doing things. And it has not been without success. It hardly makes sense for America or Britain, say, to point out what is behind Vorster's new style when both are, rightly or wrongly, committed to supporting his country with their dollars and pounds, regardless of its "style." Believing, or pretending to be-

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lieve, that he is becoming more "liberal" helps legitimize their position.

Interestingly, some liberals, even those who have been apartheid's staunchest opponents for years, seem to have been taken in by the new air of sweet reasonableness. The barest pretense of reform, their thinking seems to be, must be encouraged, regardless of its motives or its probable future. Liberals can be incurable dreamers.

And it cannot be denied that the African liberation movement has suffered a considerable loss of glamor abroad. Many once awaited the emergence of black utopias in the liberated colonies, but now that the new nations have proved to have the same problems everyone else has, disillusionment has set in. Coups, corruption, tribal divisions, all the confusions that attend the emergence of new nations have, for many, taken the magic out of the word "liberation."

For a variety of reasons, then, Vorster, is going to have little difficulty getting on better terms with the white West. In Washington, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Joseph Palmer has already served notice that the U.S. is "giving close attention" to the "new image" of apartheid.

Two Sets of Dominoes

In any case, South Africa's relations with the West have never presented a severe problem. Of more concern to South Africa is improving relations with the white and black nations that are its neighbors. There lies its security and there lies a possible threat. Ben Bella in 1963 was not the first to promulgate the African domino theory; blacks as well as whites have long recognized that should revolution come, it would be through the Portuguese territories; on to Rhodesia caught in a nutcracker between them; and through South West Africa to the last domino of all, South Africa.

There are full-blown revolutions in both Portuguese East and West Africa (Mozambique and Angola). In Mozambique, Edwardo Mondlane's Frelimo guerrillas hold large portions of the north, and there is allegedly action in the western province of Tete as well, led by "Coremo." In Angola the revolution is a bit older, with UNITA, the radical MPLA, and Roberto Holden's GRAE the key guerrilla groups. But if Portugal can't boast much military strength, she seems to be able to hold her own, at considerable cost. (Africans, despite State Department denials, lay a large portion of the credit to American NATO aid.) At any rate, a scorched earth policy against Frelimo seems to be keeping the rebels in an uneasy check for the moment; in Angola it appears that the revolution peaked in 1961 and hasn't made much headway since. The danger for South Africa lies in a prolonged, costly struggle that Portugal might ultimately lose interest in; to prevent that, Pretoria recently agreed to cooperate militarily. Also, with the fabulous Cohara Bassa hydroelectric project set in motion, and the £100 million natural gas pipeline to Witwatersrand, Pretoria is making clear to Portugal the economic advantages of staying in Africa.

In the rest of white-run southern Africa the picture is familiar. Ian Smith stands in considerable debt to South Africa for the support that has kept him and his regime alive. The last few weeks have shown that that support is not limited to supplies, as South African police (and soldiers in police uniforms) have joined Rhodesian troops in "eliminating" a group of guerrillas moving in from Zambia.

South West Africa, of course, remains directly administered by the Vorster regime and, with the major powers unwilling to make a large issue out of her freedom, probably stands today as far away from independence as twenty years ago.

White dominance, in short, is not losing ground. But *billikheid* was not meant for Ian Smith or for the casual observers of the West. For black southern Africa has manpower, and it is from black southern Africa that any residual threat to the Vorster regime must come.

It may seem cynical to propose that South Africa is going to sell its new image to her black neighbors who best know its substance. Certainly, to suggest that the Malawian ministers were taken in by their little visit is an insult to the gentlemen's intelligence. But again, the answer is in economics. Cecil Rhodes, history's best-known South African, used to say that, approached properly, there was hardly a man alive who couldn't be "squared"—that is, bought outright. When asked how he would have handled the Sudanese crisis of his day, he is said to have replied coolly. "I would have squared the Mahdi!" There is ample precedent for Vorster's new effort. The editors of Johannesburg's *Rand Daily Mail* put it this way: "Why not do like France and, starting from a base of neocolonies, use our economic ability to extend our influence?" South Africa is wealthy; black Africa remains undeveloped and increasingly hard put to fulfil the expectations of pre-independence. Vorster can make cooperation with South Africa tantalizing, for some indispensable.

Take, for example, Lesotho, a small, mountainous country completely encircled by South Africa; it is one-fortieth the size of South West Africa and Botswana combined, but has the same population, one it can't possibly support on its mostly non-arable land. An average of 43 percent of Lesotho's adult male labor force must leave their homes and families for the mines and farms of South Africa. She is economically hogtied. Basuto pleas have gone out round the world, but to aid the Basuto's economic independence is to incur South African displeasure. With other doors shut, the Basuto are turning more and more to Pretoria for aid; last spring she began negotiations on the giant Oxbow hydroelectric plant for her Orange River, and the South African regime

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may well undertake it. As time goes on, Lesotho will undoubtedly turn more and more to her neighbor for help, and more and more she will have to compromise her integrity for the sake of economic preservation. She will continue to oppose sanctions against Rhodesia, as she has already; she will oppose independence for South West Africa, as well as any anti-apartheid measure that might appear in the U.N.

The cases of Botswana and Swaziland are similar. In Botswana, a quarter of the labor force must go to work in South Africa; in Swaziland, 28 percent. And, whereas only some 70 percent of Lesotho's imports come from South Africa, Botswana receives 80, and Swaziland 83 percent. Since, with the exception of 200 yards of common border between Botswana and Zambia, all three are surrounded either by South Africa or her white allies, all planes flying out of these countries or between them (except over that 200 yards) must touch down enroute and go through customs at one of the twenty-seven designated South African airports. Who can and cannot get in is up to Vorster; there are no air corridors as with West Berlin. Given the situation, it is not surprising that the parties emerging into power in these three countries are ultra-conservative, and generally pro-South Africa. Instances of anti-apartheid refugees and freedom fighters being sent back to South Africa (usually to jail) are becoming more frequent and, a few weeks ago, while the South African police and military patrolled Rhodesia with their Rhodesian counterparts searching for 100 guerrillas making their way to South Africa, the Botswana police, cooperating fully, took care of their end by rounding up the thirty who had made it through to their (black) territory.

It appears that, Ben Bella's hopes to the contrary, the ex-territories will not become the launching pads of revolution. They are economically defenseless and, with no one willing to leap into the breach, must depend upon South Africa, for whom they may well become the best Bantustans: stable, submissive reservoirs of cheap black labor to whom she will have no responsibility.

Since there are some people who see little or nothing wrong with such a "healthy symbiosis," just a few words about a Johannesburg mining compound I had occasion to visit a few weeks ago. It housed Basuto, and was more or less typical of housing for foreign Africans throughout the Republic. Once past the guards, past the high concrete walls and the signs forbidding all unauthorized personnel, I found myself confronted with a sea of black humanity, crammed in row upon row of long, narrow, concrete barracks jammed together like freight cars in a railroad yard. I paused, then ventured into one of the barrack rooms. It was a dim-lit hole; damp, dank, warmed only by a small wood stove and a dozen or so workers sitting around in various stages of nakedness. One wore a red silk tie over a dirty and tattered T-shirt. The room's dimensions, pacing them off, were twenty-five feet by thirty. Its capacity: concrete sleeping pallets for *seventy people*. The wages of these people were *four pounds* a month; a little over eleven dollars. My dinner that evening with a local Joberg radio announcer cost me not quite two pounds in a fashionable but not untypical Johannesburg restaurant.

South Africa is not about to develop her black satellites to any degree of autonomy. If she has her way, they will always be poor, always on the brink of starvation, and wholly dependent on the Republic for the bone or two that occasionally get thrown their way.

On to the O.A.U.

In many ways, the "Bantustanization" of the ex-territories has become a certainty. The real challenge for South Africa now lies with the countries to the north with somewhat of a choice. Thus the fanfare earlier this year over the Malawians and their visit; they became the first black nation to sign a trade agreement with South Africa. Much like Lesotho, Malawi is a small country plagued by a large population her own meager resources can't support. With more people than neighboring Zambia's, Malawi has but one-sixth of Zambia's land area and probably less than a tenth the mineral wealth. Malawi is thus able to be only a little more self-sufficient than the ex-territories; to imagine that she will spurn the rich, white-run monoliths around her, where many hundreds of thousands of Malawians are employed, is fanciful. The trade agreement was an advance for South Africa, if not a major one, and there are high hopes for more of the same in the next few years. There is talk in Pretoria of establishing diplomatic relations with as many as ten African nations by 1972.

This is quite a prognosis considering that between 1961 and 1963 twenty-one African nations declared trade embargoes on South Africa—some at great cost to themselves—and that by 1964 no independent country in the Soviet or Afro-Asian bloc, except Japan, had diplomatic relations with South Africa. But, as Vorster is well aware, these efforts are little more than symbolic in the absence of Western support. And further, many African nations now stand to lose far more by continued feuding than do the South Africans, and far more to gain from a truce. For the best of reasons, unless countries like the United States and Britain decide to help—an unlikely prospect—it would not be surprising if others started following Lesotho's and Malawi's path. Already many are quietly trading with South Africa, and Zambia, having severed her ties with Rhodesia at great expense, was recently forced to reroute much of her trade through South Africa. One estimate is that as much as 70 percent of her imports come from this direction. To avoid Scylla, Zambia has had to embrace Charybdis.

South Africa's effort, then, is twofold. First, she must consolidate her position internally and militarily. On Oc-

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tober 4, her Foreign Minister, Hilgard Müller, announced that the South African troops conducting anti-guerrilla operations in Rhodesia did so under a recent mutual-security arrangement that included not only the white-run regimes south of the Congo, but also Lesotho, Botswana and Malawi.

Then, second, she can turn a sweet smile to the world, knowing that the economic pressure on black Africa is great and that the United States is not only busy elsewhere but well aware that markets opened for South Africa are markets opened for the United States.

Yet there remains a faith in much of black Africa that with the cooperation of the West, sanctions would work; that despite the guerrillas and rebellions, they remain southern Africa's best, perhaps only legitimate hope. But sanctions would have to be British and American, as well as Zambian and Tanzanian; and, as the Rhodesian fiasco has clearly shown, they would have to deal with all the white-run countries as a unit; they are all rotting with the same cancer and should be treated as the single economic and ideological entity that they are. South Africa right now accounts for slightly over one percent of United States foreign trade, three percent of Britain's. But the West shows no sign of interest in losing even this bit of trade: a continent lies economically untapped, and South Africa may well be able to open the doors. If unsupported, the black economic boycott will surely become more and more futile. Therefore, it would be understandable if, in the near future, one by one, impoverished black nations began to give up the economic cold war. Lesotho, Swaziland, Botswana; now Malawi and, to some extent Zambia; perhaps one day Kenya. Building from this "base of neocolonies," the dominoes fall, the other way now, and white supremacy stands unthreatened and "free."

The Vatican is running scared

DIVORCE IN ITALY

EDWARD F. CALLAHAN

At the close of the year, the winter of 1967-68 looks as if it may well be recorded as one of Italy's stormiest. Although the floods of 1966 did not return to plague Florence, the tides in the Piazza San Marco forecast the doom of Venice unless substantial preventive measures are undertaken soon. Snow from the Alps to Calabria and earthquakes in Sicily have caused grave hardships. On the other hand, Rome, the enchanted city, has been miraculously spared flooding, torrential rains, snows and earthquakes. But the storms of nature are insubstantial in comparison to those shaking the foundations of the hills of Rome, threatening to alter the social, economic and religious structure of not only the city but the country it rules.

The major storm in Rome swirls around the Quirinale Palace, the office and residence of the President and thus the center of Italian government. The first squall to take place this fall arose when a coalition (of Marxists and clerics according to an opposition broadside) fought the Monarchist-Fascist wing over the establishment of pension reforms and an increase in the autonomous powers in the various regions of the country. Though only a squall and soon forgotten, it may presage trouble as a tornado precedes a violent frontal system.

It is perhaps significant that Pope Paul's first public appearance outside of Vatican City, since his operation, was on the annual Papal pilgrimage to the statue of the Virgin in the Piazza di Spagna on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, a national holiday with the other holy days. He availed himself of the opportunity of reasserting his pleasure in the long and close bond between the Vatican and the Italian State. He also affirmed his devotion to Spain, whose representatives looked down from the balcony of the Spanish Embassy. The speech was, perhaps, no different from those in the past, but in the present context it was far more forceful than usual. In reasserting the ties of Rome and Italy with the Vatican, the Pope's words came as a firm reminder of the Concordat of Establishment, an offshoot of the Lateran Treaty with Mussolini in 1929. This document of establishment is presently the focal point of the raging controversy over divorce.

On the Saturday preceding the Pope's speech, airplanes circled the city dropping leaflets asserting "Divorce is not a safeguard against infidelity," words strangely contradictory to *L'Osservatore*'s dismissal of divorce as only the concern of the "immoral" element in society. But the leaflets and the wall posters, which appeared simultaneously, were the opening shot in the divorce battle that promises to escalate into a general referendum this spring. It coincides with vague threats rumored from the Vatican that it could withdraw its backing of the Christian Democrats if they cannot stop

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the issue from reaching electoral consideration. Obviously the Vatican is running scared as a result of a trial governmental balloon this fall reporting favorably on the permission of divorce in Italy in defiance of the Concordat.

On the following Saturday, the second and countershower of leaflets descended from the overworked airplanes circling the city. This leaflet announced a petition sponsored through the pages of a local scandal magazine, *ABC*. In the issue of the magazine, hitting the newsstands simultaneously, an article requesting write-in support of the divorce law appeared under the title: "Fascism with Vaseline: The Christian Democrats want to align Italy with the regimes of Greece and Spain." In the same issue an ad appeared for the booklet: "Divorce rather than Death: Agonized Testimony of the Slaves of Marriage."

Behind *ABC*'s championing of the divorce law lies its strong anti-Vatican preoccupation which was evident at the time of Mrs. Kennedy's Thanksgiving visit. At that time an aerial shower of leaflets asked: "Are the Kennedys stronger than the Pope?" The answer, "Yes!" was detailed in pages of the magazine, chronicling the Radziwill annulment and printing photographs of letters purportedly written by Mrs. Kennedy to Pope John through Phillip Etter of the Balzan Foundation.

But the issue between the Vatican and *ABC* and the style of magazine it represents is on a level beyond divorce. During the past year the problem of censorship has risen in line with the flood of flesh magazines which has flooded the newsstands. Although *Playboy* is not allowed in Italy, there are countless picture magazines such as *Super-Sex* and other "Fanto-Erotica" flooding the market. Although the magazines are often confiscated within 24 hours of hitting the newsstands, it is not difficult to purchase them on the day of distribution. *L'Osservatore,* as anticipated, has struck out bitterly at these publications, using their sale as an example of the growing tide of immorality in the nation. The leap to the divorce issue is an easy one and makes perfect sense to the Vatican. That they are not necessarily hand-in-glove is impossible for the systematic mind of the Vatican to comprehend.

Dark and Dangerous Fissures

The pattern is familiar, but in all its simplicity it displays some dark and dangerous fissures. Its attempt to utilize the state for the enforcement of morality and insure the Church's formal establishment according to the terms of the Concordat, seems to be ignoring certain realities. First, and chiefly, it is contradicting the Conciliar statements on freedom of conscience as against the political establishment of religion. Like the Roman nuns who supervise in a military fashion the Sunday *passeggiata* of their students, it betrays a profound Roman distrust of personal integrity. Furthermore, the ever-present comparison with Spain underlies the issue here just as it lurked behind the Vatican II discussions of the relation of the state to private religious conscience.

A second danger is becoming more evident as the discussion grows: there is an increasing confusion of the terms *Church* and *Vatican.* The censorship issue further suggests the highly controversial document on the Communications Media and is thus utilized to subvert the statement on religious freedom. At the Council there were some who anticipated this, but few could foresee their prophecy's being realized so soon.

But what is most serious is that the present Vatican position is totally negative, harkening back to dated inflexibility and a questionable concordat, in order to assure the Vatican of moral suzerainty in the Italian state. This harkening back, rather than a fresh reappraisal of a present situation, could doom the Church's attempt to reestablish its respect in Italy. Reassertion rather than reexamination channels the Church's efforts into a blind alley from which there is no hope of escape.

Margaret Mead points out in the conclusion of *Male and Female* that divorce is basically a reflection of a society's attitudes toward marriage. Divorce, as a symptom, is a testimony of society's concern with the pertinence of the prevalent concept of matrimony. Thus the issue under question is not divorce but marriage and the principle upon which it is based. But such an untraditional approach to the subject appears to be, at present, beyond the Vatican's capability. There is evidence that the surge of demands for the legalization of divorce in Italy is the product, not so much of a growing wave of immorality, as much as it is the sign of a change in the Italian social structure. In many ways, it is closer to the issue of woman suffrage experienced in Northern Europe and the New World near the beginning of the century. In this concern, Italy may be closer to the Moslem world than it is to other Christian countries.

With the increase of education, communications and leisure, the Italian wife is growing restless with the double standard of her society. The subservient position of the middle and lower class wife is being brought up for reexamination. The traditional male freedom to beget, support, but remain unencumbered with responsibility is now no longer as widely accepted as in the past. Yearly, the Italian woman is calling into question the old working order, thereby seeking an equal status and dignity in marriage. She would like a say in the man's world of her husband rather than waiting for a say in her son's world. *Wife* to her is as worthy a word as *mama.* The question is not so much the availability of divorce as the validity of the primitive Italian attitude toward marriage. She wants no part of the constricted world of Coriolanus who obeyed his mother but referred to his wife as "my gracious silence."

With the growth of urban society, explosive since the war, the rural matriarchal structure is fading into the

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past rapidly. The traditional image of the free-wheeling husband and the patient hearthsitter is dwindling. Rather than seeking the privilege of divorce, the present movement could be viewed as a means to evolve a new and healthier attitude toward marriage. But it is in the area of establishing the family in the modern world that the Vatican is most needed and most silent. In matters of sex and marriage the Church in Italy is heard speaking from its legal authority. But in the new society of the economic difficulties of the workers, the exploitation and bankruptcy of the city, the Vatican is strangely silent, ostensibly because the Concordat states that the Holy See will forbid the clergy and religious to take any part in politics. The more bitter suggest that the Vatican is more comfortable traveling within the upper echelons in the power structure.

It is scarcely a wonder that the Vatican statements are greeted cynically by an increasing number. If it loses its fight come spring, and divorce is permitted in Italy, it may lose more than the comforts of the Concordat. It could well put itself into a position of open hostility to the inevitable forces changing Italian society.

India's villagers

AN UNSEEN MAJORITY

MICHAEL McCONNELL

The problem of India is the problem of her villages where 361 million—82 percent—of her people live. But the decision-makers, the foreign aid officials—all living in the cities—virtually ignore them. In a period when civil violence is becoming increasingly embarrassing and disturbing to those in power, the villages, especially the poorest, present little danger of rebelling, while the better-off students, workers and police run amok in the cities.

There is, however, some new concern with the rural sector. Begging for food is getting to be a downright scandal and markedly increases the staggering national debt. But the most important fact is that the cities are beginning to feel the pinch, and this has, in several cases, meant political disaster for the Congress Party. There was a famine last year in Bihar; in its late stages, it received a great deal of semi-sensational press coverage. That proved annoying, but despite political repercussions in the affected villages ("Congress famine" was the slogan of one party that is now part of the ruling Opposition coalition in Bihar), one has the feeling that it was not the hunger of the poor farmer, it was the effects of the famine on the cities that caused greatest concern. It was not rationing in the villages, but cut rations in Madras and Calcutta, that led to electoral reprisals and violence.

The prevalent attitude toward the rural economy is that of the steel-builders and others who want dramatic modernization, which usually means Westernization. A few see the need for working within the basic pattern of village life—modifying it to be sure but by devising better techniques of raising food Indian-style, not Iowa-style. So far, perhaps the basic drawback has been an almost total absence of contact between the decision-makers and the poor farmer who needs help most and who has the least chance of getting it. The underlying conception is that since his method, his style, is primitive, it is to be scorned; if his manner is slow, he is either lazy or ignorant. That he has been exploited by men with new ideas since the beginning of time and that he has likely suffered from malnutrition since birth provide no excuse. It is assumed that if outsiders cannot communicate with him, it must be his fault.

India's 361 million citizens who live in villages have been largely bypassed by the progress, in some areas remarkable, of post-independence. They know nothing of steel mills, automobiles, government offices. Theirs is a world that Nehru never really knew, and it has changed very little in the past two decades. Their villages are off the paved roads and, as reporter after reporter assigned to cover the famine last year discovered, they are not very pleasant places to visit for those accustomed to the comforts of the city. So reporters and politicians kept pretty much to the main roads, and when Kushwant Singh reported the drought for the New York *Times* Sunday Magazine, he went, on a paved road, to a government model village near Delhi, where he reflected in astonishment over the wretched state of people who are (although he neglected to mention it) some of India's most fortunate villagers. A tiny village in Gaya District, Bihar, received a number of large gifts last year, simply because it was near a paved road, and could be used by reporters, do-gooders and tourists to report on, take pictures of and perhaps try to assuage, "the famine."

The Indian village, admittedly, is a relatively static place. A casual study of Indian history, which is enough to depress the most callous of men, suggests why. It is a

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tale of invasion after conquest, of empire after empire; once one realizes that India's fabled riches were gleaned from an agricultural economy not unlike that which exists today, the glamor fades. Maharaja's thrones were built and paid for by exploited peasants who were never far from starvation; who learned, after a few thousand years, not to worry too much—in such policy there lay madness.

Step off the plane in Delhi, walk around the old city. People sit, dazed, almost motionless—"we might have been walking through a series of photographs," writes Ronald Segal (*The Crisis of India*). It cannot, it simply cannot be comprehended. Who are these people? What are they doing, what do they think they're doing? Do they think at all? A short time later, I got sick with a very Indian incapacity—dysentery. Emerging from the bedroom a week later, weak, light-headed, belly empty, I began, only began, to see a little more clearly. People sit, lethargically; I join them wearily, sip tea slowly, walk a little way, sit again. Eighty percent of the people in Indian villages have dysentery, which explains a great deal.

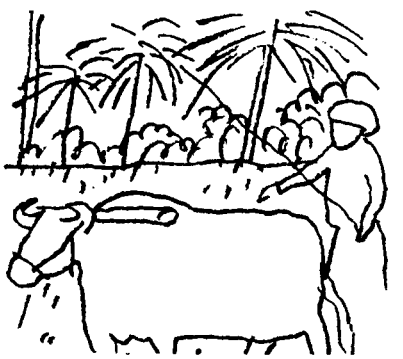
History, health, throw in Hinduism if you wish (although the Muslims will then wreck your theory); of course there are reasons for the lack of dynamism, the stagnation. But that doesn't change the fact that Indian society, and its attitudes, are fundamentally resistant to the progress necessary to provide a decent way of life for its people.

A Matter of Doubt

"They are rice eaters," I was told before going to Bihar; "they would starve before changing their ways." A year later, most of the farmers in Kawaikala village were growing Mexican maize: they had no money to buy seeds, had eaten what little food they had and had spent the small government loan some influential ones had received. When they were offered maize seeds by relief workers whom they knew, they took it. This seed was new, hybrid; it ran less risk of loss through drought; more important, it was free. Next year it will be sown again, since that will be the seed they will have. What about the resistance? The people of Kawaikala were harijans—outcastes. Those of higher castes have more to lose by a change in social structure or farming patterns. Government programs are most often aimed at the better off, those with larger farms and at least some education. The program administrators are higher caste, or certainly educated; they have an almost racial prejudice against admitting that harijans are capable of undertaking anything new.

In a country where almost no Hindu will touch meat and no one swine, a major factor in untouchability is the fact that harijans (Gandhi gave them that name: "children of God") will eat such things as pork. Pigs scavenge; they are, as the Israelites were told, unclean; but harijans cannot afford weak stomachs. No one, it seems to me, has stopped to think that it is the harijans who are most in need of new techniques and who stand to lose least by experimenting.

When there is resistance to innovation it is easy to understand. Changes often come from the same sources as the old exploitation. A development official for example may demand a bribe before giving the application form for a loan, much less a loan. New things are sometimes ad-



vocated in the manner of a father telling a troublesome child something he believes is far beyond the latter's comprehension and will not be done anyway. Accepting such ideas often seems to the villager concomitant with accepting the official's conception of him: Beyond all this, there are tow specific areas of much-advocated change: education and modern farm techniques.

First, at least in the depressed regions of northern India, rural education, by and large, has been a failure. The CARE program ran into a great deal of difficulty in Bihar last year because its administrators relied on Education Ministry figures on the numbers and percentages of children in schools. On the basis of these figures, is was decided that if food were provided for four times the enrolled school population that would take care of most of the children in any given area. I did some walking. In the three schools nearest us the ratios should have been 6:1, 8:1, and 11:1, not 4:1. Relying on government estimates, the child population (and, temporarily, its aid quota) had been underestimated by more than one-half, not to mention the areas in the nearby bush "jungle" that were served by no school at all. Each school served grades one through three, after which, a master explained, those who wished to go on would have to walk up to seven miles for fourth grade.

But given these drawbacks, why is there so little interest even in the lower, accessible grades? Some of the problems are those of any poor, rural community, Mississippi or Bihar. Boys are needed in the fields, or around the house; the girls have their work, too. Not being able to afford books, clothes, is really no problem—all share it. But there is something more important: what is taught in the schools. Most of the village children will never see a

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newspaper much less be able to afford one. Yet they are taught to read and to write. They study geography and history, to bring them in touch with the world "more than forty miles away" (as one elder explained where America was when asked by one less wise than he). But in a subsistence economy, a rural community, are there not more relevant things to teach? Gandhi was a staunch, at times tiresome, advocate of what he called an Indian educational system: *"Nai Talim,"* or basic education. Despite government claims to the contrary, he has been largely ignored. Village culture is, and will be for a long time, oral. Certainly reading and writing are desirable, but so would singing be and even more important, productive labor. Gandhi emphasized spinning, to free the village from dependence on expensive machine-made (and British-controlled) cloth. Farming techniques should be taught, too. There are many developments that have not yet reached the village and what better way to get them there than through the schools? And sanitation, not in a Western, flush-toilet sense, but the contact-germ theory, the advantages of boiling water—or at least raised well-lips—and why. Small village industry skills would be useful, especially for the girls. So would a study of local, not international, political power structures. And finally, nutrition. This kind of education, or training need not be limited to the young. It could easily be made accessible and even attractive to the adult population of the villages. I chose reading, writing, perhaps arithmetic, to emphasize my point: a Western-oriented education is largely irrelevant to the experience and needs of this rural, depressed people.

What of the fact that the Japanese rice yield per acre is five times that of India's *average,* to say nothing of that of the Bihari harijan? Or that the American wheat yield is twice the Indian's, of maize nearly four times. What about fertilizers, crop rotation and on and on? The most radical approach, and one that is frequently discussed in the cities where, unfortunately, most of these decisions are made, is that of large-scale farming. "Give me a thousand acres," a Calcutta businessman told me, "and I'll show you what machinery can produce." Another idea is to form cooperatives to purchase basic equipment such as tractors and construct modern irrigation systems. The effect of most of these plans, however, is to use manpower more efficiently, to release manpower, but for what? The point of the Indian village is that there is an extremely high man-to-acre ratio. If it is people, rather than output statistics, to which one's first loyalty goes, then the solution is not to eliminate these people, not to force them to the cities where unemployment and prices are outrageously high, but to enable them to increase their own output, on their own farms by applying only the *relevant* technology. In most villages, there has never been a problem of getting the fields plowed with the available bullocks. A steel plow would be an improvement, but a tractor is not needed to fertilize a field. Irrigation is, of course, another much neglected matter, but one which the government has wisely realized it must handle; it is beyond the already poor farmer.

There is a second category of reform: the kinds of new processes useful to the very small farmer. Twenty-four percent of the agricultural working population (31 million people) are hired laborers (it is 30 percent in Bihar). Most of them have no land at all; for them a genuine land reform program remains a crying necessity. Much-publicized government land reform programs have set such high ceilings that nothing has been changed—20 to 66 acres in Bihar, where the average farm is 4.3 acres.

Small farmers are in desperate straits; in 1956, their average per capita income was about $30 per year, well below the subsistence level. They might benefit marginally from increased output, but even had a farmer heard of improved seeds and been convinced of the value of fertilizer, they would very likely be unavailable to him. Fertilizers, especially, are scarce. But even were fertilizers and seeds in abundance, the average small farmer could not buy them. Loans are available, on easy terms, but to a people who have long been, and still are practically owned by usurious money-lenders (they controlled 62 percent of all rural credit in 1962), borrowing represents a considerable risk (63 percent of all rural households are in debt for an average per reporting household of $180). Seeds, however, are not a recurrent expense. There is no reason why they should not be distributed free, or at most with the condition that repayment be made only as a small percentage of yield increases (not nets). Dung is already used as fertilizer but it is extremely valuable as a fuel. Human excrement is also used. Mulch is not practical, for thatch is too valuable for fodder and roofing. However, if fertilizer is made widely available, and if it can be paid for out of increased yields, there probably will be less difficulty in this area than is presently foreseen. Once again, the drawback in this program has not been the farmer, the villager: it has been a lack of seriousness on the part of the government and foreign aid officials. Meaningful new programs have, by and large, not been offered, or, when they were, have been presented in such an unattractive way that they don't seem worth the financial risk.

The case for modren farming techniques, then, cannot be discussed, unless it is kept in mind that the Indian villager has only an extremely small holding if, indeed, he owns any land at all. It is he who must be aided, not the plantation owner, and he will not be helped by forcing him to migrate to the cities.

There is inertia in the Indian village; there is inertia in any community, although it is perhaps more costly in India. History, the facts of everyday life, have combined to render existence exhausting, initiative rare. Yet there remains a grave doubt whether the much-vaunted ignorance and inertia of the Indian villager is not the result of the failure of the modernizers who cannot seem

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to grasp the most basic facts of subsistence living, and who refuse to believe that men as poor as the villagers are might have the intelligence to choose the way best suited to them. It has not yet been proved that resisting certain aspects of the Western industrial revolution is due entirely to inertia and ignorance.

There is strong pressure on Indian leaders and planners to modernize, to hasten India's recognition as a great nation. There is pressure to feed herself. But there is none at all to provide the framework for a better yet coherent way of life for her poorest, her neediest—and politically least organized—people. We are assured that there will be no starvation deaths (smallpox and dysentery will see to that); we are told that if India can only modernize—progress will trickle down. The cities have not yet become aware of, leaders have not yet thought about, adequate programs for the poor, small farmer who forms the bulk of India's people. His future is not going to be a great deal different from what it has been, but he is the last person who expects it to be otherwise.

The most radical body of thought in Brazil

THE CHURCH MOVES LEFT

THOMAS C. BRUNEAU

The unopposed coup of April Fool's Day, 1964, that deposed João Goulart as president of Brazil and brought to power the military government of Marechal Castelo Branco, was thought by many to have been triggered by a series of marches of several hundred thousand rosary-thumbing women in Brazil's largest cities. Whether the importance of these pre-golpe marches is as great as the *Reader's Digest,* for one, believed, is doubtful, but it is clear that the traditionally Catholic middle class, as well as the majority of the institutional Church, welcomed the coup for the social and political peace it brought. It is, therefore, an odd twist of fate that this much sought after peace is now being shaken by the Church itself. What is more interesting is the situation that is forcing the Church into the vanguard of the movement for social change: most of the Church is not happy with this turn of events, but it cannot escape without seeming to deny all that the post-Council Church preaches and stands for.

It is a simple fact that the Church's teaching is now the most radical body of thought in Brazil, and that certain Catholic leaders, among the hierarchy and the laity, are the most revolutionary figures in Brazilian society. In the past couple of years, the Church has found itself in several tense predicaments with the government, each of which has forced her to declare her independence and to line up with the "other half" of the nation, which in Brazil is about 80% of the population. Historically the Church has been one of the bulwarks of the Brazilian government and a dependable ally of the rich in their defense of the *status quo.* For the Church to change its allegiance from the minority to the vast majority will no doubt affect all parts of Brazilian society; there is serious doubt whether the change can be completed without violence.

The first incident which shattered the *modus vivendi* between Church and military government involved Dom Helder Câmara, the fiery Archbishop of Olinda-Recife, along with several other progressive bishops of the Northeast. In March, 1966 three Catholic Action groups published a manifesto in which they denounced conditions of labor and existence in this area (which rivals India in its misery and poverty). They also criticized the government's policy in suppressing unions which might have improved the lot of the worker. When Dom Helder and the other bishops supported the manifesto, the military command in the region countered by calling Dom Helder a subversive, agitator, Communist demagogue and an enemy of the people. At this point, ranks within and without the Church joined in support of Dom Helder and the laymen's manifesto; they were opposed by those in the military and society who either thought Dom Helder was a Communist, or there was no problem in the Northeast, or both.

The predicament became increasingly acute until the situation was resolved in a meeting between the bishops and the then President Castelo Branco. They agreed to resolve problems "out of court," i.e., out of the public eye. The incident demonstrated, that the government would react to the slightest criticism, even if it came from its traditional ally, the Church. On the other hand, many within the Church were elated by the government's reaction, since they feel the Church will be nothing but a tool in Brazil until it breaks with a government that has anything but the best interests of the people in its heart. From then on many members of the clergy began to consider how they could create further tension.

When Marechal Costa e Silva became president in

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March, 1967, he went out of his way to re-establish friendly relations with the Church. He visited the Pope before taking office, arranged to receive a Papal Legate bringing a gold rose as homage to the largest Catholic nation in the world, and has advertised the fact that he attends Mass regularly and even receives Communion. With the publication of the encyclical *Populorum Progressio,* Costa e Silva immediately announced that this was exactly his program of government—which is more than the hierarchy did. Even when the rest of the government, at all levels, quickly moved to exploit the publicity value of the encyclical, the hierarchy stood by quietly. It is clear, therefore, that the government values the support of the Church and, given the rather weak moral legitimacy of the present regime, it probably couldn't stand without it. Judging from recent events, however, this support is eroding.

Large segments of the lower clergy and roughly 20 bishops (out of a total of 236) are trying to break the connection of Church-state concord. One bishop told me recently that his goal is to distinguish that part of the Church under his responsibility from the government and from previous compromises with the status quo. It is all right for the Church and state to cooperate, but they must do so as equals and not with the government using the Church as a moral shield. Another bishop said that the Church must show the people that it is on their side and not on the side of those who are exploiting them. Bishops like these are in the minority, however; most are content to go along as before, cooperating with the government and not asserting any independence.

To force a break in this situation one priest explained that a kind of guerrilla strategy is necessary; internal contradictions must be created in the institutional Church so that it is forced to sever its connections with the social and political status quo. Only then will it be able to develop according to the Council and the social encyclicals; until then it will be powerless to change. Lately, this tactic has become widely accepted; a variant of it can be seen in a long manifesto, signed by some 300 priests and directed to their bishops during November, 1967, which points out the tremendous social problems in Brazil and accuses the Church of remaining on the sidelines of national events, allowing inhuman situations to continue. They say that the Church is bound to a past society and that their efforts and energies are used up in administrative tasks without any real contact with the people. They want the Church to return to the prophetic mission of Christ. They deplore "the signs of evil and sin in salary frauds, in everyday starvation, in the exploitation of the people and the nation, and in suppression of liberty." The document is, in effect, a denunciation of Brazilian society and of the institutional Church for not taking an active role in changing it. The reaction of the hierarchy was deliberate silence, although a few progressives welcomed it and suggested that all of their clergy sign it. Of course, 300 priests out of a total of 12,000 and a handful of bishops, might be dismissed as lunatics—or more popularly, as subversives. The central point is that the tensions between the Church and state generally are escalating, despite government and hierarchy efforts to smooth things over.

In the last few months three important conflicts between Church and government have arisen. The first took place when the bishop of Crateus in the Northeast held up Cuba as an example for the rest of Latin America to follow. He was immediately denounced as a Communist and a subversive; a senator led the attack. Shortly after this incident, the military closed down an archdiocese-owned radio station in São Luis de Maranhão for producing a program in which the independence of Brazil was questioned. This time it was the military versus the bishops, other clergy and laity in the archdiocese. The effects of both incidents spread to the national level, with those on the left defending the Church, and those on the right denouncing it as the tool of Communists. It was a more recent incident, however, which set the pattern that future conflicts undoubtedly will take.

In early November, four men were arrested and jailed by the military for distributing subversive and inflammatory material in Volta Redonda, a steel town fifty kilometers from Rio de Janerio. As all four were members of Church organizations and two lived with the bishop, the military then invaded the bishop's palace and searched it for more material. The bishop, Dom Valdir Calheiros, protested but couldn't locate anyone in the military command to listen to him. He therefore had an explanation printed and distributed at Mass on Sunday; the military replied by arresting three priests and five more laymen. Immediately the question took on national import, with denunciations hurled from all sides. Dom Valdir is known as a balanced cleric with more of a pastoral than social revolutionary bent, but even so his defense took on a revolutionary tone in the heat of the argument. Again, the progressives came out in favor of the Bishop, and in favor of the Church's leading social change. As a non-Catholic leftist explained it: "We may as well support the Church in this situation as there is no other organized body in Brazil that can assume it; the Church is the only institution that has even a minimum amount of independence."

On the other hand conservatives, effectively represented in the largest Brazilian papers, *O Estado de São Paulo* and *Jornal do Brasil* of Rio, cast the Church as an important part of Brazilian culture, but belonging in the sacristy and not in the world; thus, to enter into social matters is to be doing the work of Communists. The crisis grew steadily worse, with Costa e Silva making statements to the press and even on television that there was no problem—only a small misunderstanding. After two weeks of polemic the problem was temporarily resolved with a meeting of the Central Commission of the Bishops' Conference .They studied the crisis and published a statement in which they asserted the unity of the Church, declared its independence from all outside control, and allied it on the side

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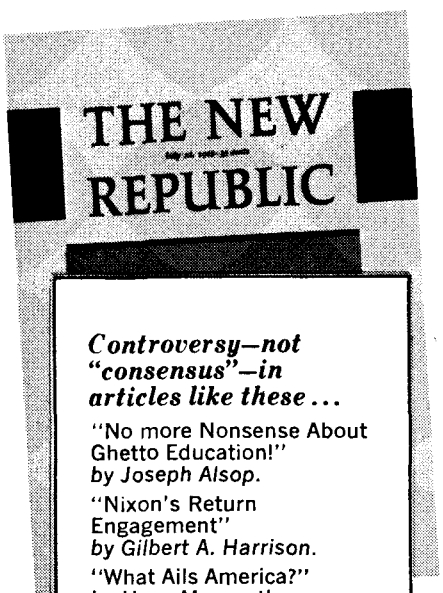

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of the people. Whether they would have published such a lively document without the given provocation and all the high emotions attending it is doubtful. Most of the hierarchy probably will not take the statement seriously, but at least they are now down in print as independent and responsible to the people.

No sooner had this storm abated than the government indicated that it wanted the Papal Nuncio transferred. It considered him too involved with radical elements within the Church, and in addition objected that he would not approve transfers of non-desirable bishops to isolated dioceses. The Church-state debate was again revived and once again Costa e Silva stated that there was no problem; nevertheless, a commission on Church-state problems is being planned to replace the agreement made at the time of Castelo Branco and the Dom Helder Câmara imbroglio. Most of the hierarchy favors the commission, so does the government certainly, but all progressives are against it, as they see an important function in the series of conflicts. They believe that with a few more of them the Church will have no recourse but to separate itself completely from the government, thereby freeing it for closer contact with the people.

This, therefore, is the present state of Church-state relations in Brazil. After centuries of accommodation to the *status quo*, some within the Church are waking to their responsibilities of helping man in this world. Most of the hierarchy and clergy have not yet accepted this new situation, and they, and the traditional attitude, are supported by the government and by Brazilian society as a whole. Nevertheless, the Council and the social encyclicals are quite explicit and progressives have spun a net of theology which supports them in the social field. They are assisted in their awareness by an inept government, and particularly by its military, that see any criticism as Communism. The more the Church criticizes the state, the more it is likely to be persecuted, which in turn should increase awareness and unity within it and with progressives in the society. As one bishop pointed out, "We welcome these conflicts and want more of them, for in this case Marx holds: we have nothing to lose but our chains."

What makes the Church so important in Brazil and what can cause it to take a revolutionary position is the simple fact that there is no one else to take the lead. There is only a heavy-handed and not very able government, with support in the military and propertied classes, and on the other side is the Church. As there is nothing in between, all progressive elements are forced into alliance with the Church which in turn forces it ahead. It is still difficult to predict the outcome, but right now it seems that if the government breaks, the Church will have to assume leadership in society. Whether she is courageous enough or capable of doing so is a large question; another is whether the masses of Brazilians still sufficiently respect her to allow her to lead. Be that as it may, the Church probably will not have the liberty of refusing.

BLACK JOAN

THE STAGE

Lincoln Center Repertory, which is not really a rep, more of a demirep, has come up with Shaw's *Saint Joan*, one of those great middle-brow classics like Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" or the "1812 Overture." Like most of Shaw's plays, only more so, this is a work full of yesterday's daring, the philosophizing and *boutades* that supplied our parents with their required dosage of metapyhsical naughtiness—intellectual titillation that wears about as well as a head of lettuce left out of the refrigerator. But when it comes to lettuce of the mind, your average theatergoer or reviewer will wolf down the wilted as if it were the crispest, latest thing—which to him, sad to say, it probably is.

There are a few fragments of *Saint Joan* that still hold up: for example, the tent scene or the Inquisitor's monologue. But even these find it hard to survive the overexposure visited upon them, and the present production does nothing to undo one's impression of the play as the theatrical equivalent of the two dozen hemstitched sheets in mother's hope chest. Probably the one dramatic thing about the production is that the upward course taken by the last two offerings staged by John Hirsch is now dramatically reversed.

For example, the opening scene is dominated not by any of the actors but by a stout leather horse at the end of a revolving wooden beam, astride of which one may tilt at a quintain erect on stage right. This commanding contraption is spun on once by Baudricourt, and remains, the rest of the time, wholly outside the proceedings it manages to dwarf. Again, in the river scene, the *coup de théâtre* of the changing of the wind has been effectively used in many a production. Here, however, the fluttering pennon changes direction too late, almost on cue for the Page's line, thus losing the suspense generated by having the audience notice something important well ahead of the people on stage. There is additional awkwardness in having the Page carry the pennon forward, out of the range of the wind machine, whereupon it goes limp, as if the heaven-sent west wind had been no more than a blast of divine flatulence.

These are minor, though indicative, lapses. What is graver is the fact that Hirsch nowhere provides any new insights, mounting tension, or more than surface dramatics. Even his groupings are simplistic, and he fails to convey the feel of a coronation, a heresy trial, or a burning at the stake. Even such a sure-fire laugh as the sudden exuberant laying of the hens, in this staging, lays a supernumerary egg. As there are no climaxes, because the production never rises to any, so there are no low points, because all remains below sea level. David Hays' scenery is a debatable *pis aller*, Stanley Silverman's music is with-

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out distinction, but Michael Annals' costumes are sumptuous and tasteful. But oh, the acting!

There are two full-bodied, flavorsome, authoritative performances, and both are imports from Canada: Tony Van Bridge's Cauchon and William Hutt's Warwick. The best the domestic contingent can offer is inconspicuousness in small roles, as, for instance, Earl Montgomery's Promoter. In the bigger ones, nothing but failures. Robert Symonds makes Chaplain de Stogumber idiotic in his fatuous scenes, and in the pathetic ones, loathsome. Edward Zang's Dauphin is a puling travesty, Roger de Koven's sibilant Archbishop is lacking in all ecclesiastic grandeur, and Stephen Joyce's Brother Martin succeeds in making charity seem cloddish. Even the usually excellent Philip Bosco turns Dunois into a near-nonentity in shining armor. The just about foolproof part of the Inquisitor is not proof to John Heffernan's quirky misreadings. Heffernan is one of the most perversely idiosyncratic actors around; there is no justification for the rallentandos and diminuendos that he inflicts on the latter part of almost every sentence, and his nasal flutings have always been an earsore.

But the most painful performance is Diana Sands' Joan. The fact that her features are pronouncedly Negroid and her speech lapses into Harlem substandard is in itself a drawback. It is all very well to integrate the theater, but there is, unfortunately, also a wrong way to go about it. Shaw's Joan is an ordinary, inconspicuous girl, except for some inner fire. If you make her a Negro—aside from making a mock of history, which Shaw respects—you make her into something different, improbable, even impossible; the reactions of the other characters make forthwith the wrong sense or none. And to ask us not to see or hear Miss Sands' negritude is to assume that we are blind or deaf: just imagine the hue and cry if someone were to put on "Porgy and Bess" with a white cast, or have the Emperor Jones played by a white actor. People who claim they don't notice the difference are either insensitive, self-deluded, or lying—not very desirable qualities in an audience.

Yet even if Miss Sands were white, her performance would be poor. Her Joan has neither sweetness nor depth, neither ingenuousness nor spirituality, and even for rustic directness she substitutes a street-urchin brazenness. Thus when a court lady jostles her, her "I beg your pardon," instead of being self-effacing, smolders with vindictive sarcasm. The big speech to the judges is disfigured by vulgar gestures, including a finger (an organ on which Miss Sands relies too heavily throughout) that seems to strive to goose the heavens. And her bearing, in general, lacks both country ease and soldierly directness, and offers instead a series of jerks and swaggers.

After this it must seem sheer supererogation to point out that every French name in the play is pronounced in two or three different ways. The lack of attention to detail merely echoes the disregard for essentials. But, of course, the reviews were dutifully good, and the public is dutifully attending. But what can be the life expectancy of a theater that is not a pleasure but a pensum? *(At the Vivian Beaumont)*

JOHN SIMON

CAMUS AND MANN

THE SCREEN

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cinema. Most of the drama in both *The Stranger* and *Tonio Kroger* is interior and what action there is is important mainly because of the reaction and thoughts of the protagonist. Films adapted from this type of story are difficult to make and are unlikely to be entirely successful, but these two movies are so well made, I found them fascinating in spite of some shortcomings.

Dino De Laurentiis gave "The Stranger" a fine production—with a screenplay, by Suso Cecchi D'Amico, Georges Conchon and Emmanuel Robles, that is amazingly faithful to Albert Camus' short novel; with Giuseppe Rotunno's beautiful color photography that has caught so well the setting in Algeria (where most of the film was made) and especially the blazing Algerian sun which is so important to the story; with an outstanding cast led by Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and with, most important of all, the first-rate direction of Luchino Visconti, who was so determined to adhere to the Camus book that parts of the film seem to be lifted right from the novel. If the first part of the movie seems incredibly slow it is because Visconti covers in explicit detail all the events before the murder and trial: Meursault, the protagonist, a minor French clerk in Algiers, at his mother's funeral, the days following the funeral showing Meursault meeting Marie at the beach, their attending a Fernandel movie, their sleeping together at his apartment, her becoming his mistress, his becoming friendly with a neighbor, the procurer whose involvement with an Arab girl led to the fight with her brother and eventually to Meursault's senseless murder of this young Arab in the sweltering heat of the merciless sun. If the detailed portrayal of these incidents seems to drag on and on, do not become impatient. They all fall into place and meaning at the trial as you and Meursault himself realize he is being tried not just for murder (he admits he did it unintentionally and because of the sun) but more importantly because he did not weep at his mother's funeral, and afterward he went swimming and to the movies, and he took on a mistress, and he associated with a pimp, etc., etc.

Although somewhat older than the protagonist of the novel, Mastroianni is excellent as this unimportant nobody who's indifferently going through life like a sleepwalker, an atheist without a care for God, for human love or even himself. He sees the trial, and rightfully, as absurd, and he sees the events of life as meaningless. While the film cannot capture the depth of Camus' book, it does succeed, in the many close-ups of Mastroianni's face, in portraying this alienated man's contempt for existence. Although the priest-chaplain, who pursues him like the Hound of Heaven, fails to convince him, Meursault at the end finds himself with some concern for his fellow men; and he hopes a crowd will turn up at his execution. Even his absurd desire has a note of interest and hope.

While Mastroianni has given many good performances, I find this one, his most difficult role, his best. Certainly Visconti deserves much of the credit, as he does for the fine performance by Karina, an actress who, under the repeated direction of Jean-Luc Godard, was little more than a pretty actress. Also good in "The Stranger" is the large supporting cast led by Georges Wilson, Bernard Blier, Bruno Cremer and Georges Geret. Whether or not you agree with any of the philosophical ideas in this unusual movie, you will find the film moving and provocative—and it may send you back to reading or re-reading the original.

Perhaps Thomas Mann's short novel, *Tonio Kroger,* was even more difficult to film—with its story about an intellectual young poet whose heart was dead and loveless, and who, although longing for love, only looked down his nose at his mental inferiors. I'm sure director Rolf Thiele has done the best he could with this internal drama. The script by Erika Mann and Ennio Flaiano is faithful to the novel; and the black-and-white photography of Lubeck, where we see Tonio's boyhood in flashbacks, and Munich, where we find him in the present, and then in Italy and Denmark, is incredibly beautiful, so beautiful in fact that the film becomes more like a series of awesome pictures than a *moving* picture.

But "Tonio Kroger" is a moving picture, and the tale of the poet's change of heart, his escape from alienation, and his learning to have concern for his fellow man and accept him as he is makes very touching subject matter. Jean-Claude Brialy as the grown-up Tonio is as cold and snobbish as he's supposed to be; and young Matheeu Carriere as the boy Tonio is a charmer. Also good in the cast is Nadja Tiller as the grown Tonio's artist friend with whom he exchanges opinions—all on the highbrow side. No doubt many moviegoers will become impatient with this static film that has much to say about the growth of a man but has very little action (although the flashbacks to Tonio's boyhood are both lively and lovely). But readers of Thomas Mann will revel in the stunning shots of Lubeck, the locale of *Buddenbrooks,* and if ever this first Mann novel is made into a Forsythe Saga kind of movie, its makers must get this Wolf Wirth photographer to capture Lubeck again. No one could do better than with the cinematic poem that is "Tonio Kroger." PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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BOOKS

Irish literature and a cross-fertilized culture

A Short History of Irish Literature

FRANK O'CONNOR

Putnam, $5.95

VIVIAN MERCIER

Although there are several American anthologies which treat Irish literature in Gaelic and English as a continuum, only three literary histories published anywhere attempt to do the same, so far as I know. Of these, the late Aodh de Blacam's *A First Book of Irish Literature* is little more than a long list of names—James Joyce not included—coupled with "the verdicts of the best authorities," and seems to be aimed at Irish secondary schools, while my own *The Irish Comic Tradition* is fairly specialized, although not as much so as its title would imply. Thus the late Frank O'Connor's brilliant *Short History* is the first book in which a lively critical intelligence plays over *everything* written by people of Irish birth in the two languages they have most frequently employed. (O'Connor ignores Latin, Norman French, and the Modern French used by such writers as Beckett and Wilde.)

Not that O'Connor has written a literary history in the academic sense: it would have been folly for an artist like him to waste time on work that did not interest him. Instead, he has focused on those phases of Gaelic and Anglo-Irish (Hiberno-English, really) literature that seem to him most important both for the quality of the work produced and for the way in which it reflects one of the great creative periods in the fitful cultural history of Ireland. In O'Connor's view, these periods are three in number and each the result of a cross-fertilization of cultures.

The first creative period arose from the interaction between traditional, oral Celtic lore as preserved by the "druids" (using that term in its broadest sense to include poets, historians, lawyers, genealogists, as well as priests, doctors and magicians) and the Latin literature, pagan as well as Christian, introduced by the early missionaries. To this period, A.D. 600-1200, interrupted by the Viking invasions and brought to an end by the Anglo-Norman partial conquest, belong all the good (prose) sagas and the vivid poems on nature, love and the religious life that O'Connor has translated better than anybody else. (His verse translations will be found in *Kings, Lords & Commons* and his prose ones in *A Golden Treasury of Irish Poetry, A.D. 600 to 1200.*)

The second great literary flowering—entirely in verse, this time—sprang, according to O'Connor, from the interaction between the bardic poetry in Classical Modern Irish (Gaelic) and English poetry, mainly of the sixteenth-century. O'Connor will not admit any direct influence from French poetry of an earlier period, such as Robin Flower claimed to find. The theme of these poems is courtly love, either mocked at or wholeheartedly endorsed. O'Connor has little sympathy with the strictly professional court poetry of praise and satire that preceded this "amateur" work, or with the Burns-like heirs of the bardic tradition in the eighteenth-century, whom Daniel Corkery praised so highly in *The Hidden Ireland.*

O'Connor also passes rapidly over the great Anglo-Irish writers of the eighteenth-century, giving favorable mention only to Swift and to Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* while noting the strong political flavor that permeates Anglo-Irish literature from the very beginning. He makes some pointed remarks about William Carleton and Gerald Griffin among the nineteenth-century fiction writers, commenting on the Latinate "Babu" English that Gaelic speakers tended to pick up along with Latin in the "hedge schools."

Next came the vast cultural hiatus caused by the catastrophic Famine of 1845-47, which might have ended specifically Irish literature for good and all. Fortunately, far away in Germany, that supreme philologist Johann Kaspar Zeuss was working on his *Grammatica Celtica* (published 1853), which would make it possible for Irishmen to read again with full comprehension the literature of their first great period. In the next fifty years much of that literature was edited and translated—into English, of course, when not into German or French—thus sowing the seed of the last great literary harvest.

The Irish Literary Revival of the present century grew from the interaction between the English-speaking culture of modern Ireland and this newly discovered Gaelic past. Although W.B. Yeats knew almost no Gaelic, he was the unquestioned leader of the revival, and especially of the effort to create a distinctively Irish drama. At the very close of his life, however, Yeats gained an insight into the true nature of Gaelic culture very different from the bowdlerized version served up to him by Lady Gregory and even by Douglas Hyde. J.M. Synge had of course been less prissy, but he died young, and it was left to Frank O'Connor, then in his 30s, to complete the Gaelic initiation of the seventy-year-old poet. Inevitably, O'Connor's 20 pages on Yeats are the jewel in his crown, giving an unforgetable firsthand portrait of the man along with many penetrating insights into his poetry.

As O'Connor convincingly demonstrates, the rurally-oriented literature peopled by peasants and aristocrats that was created by Yeats and his collaborators soon provoked its own antithesis, the middle-class, city-oriented literature typified by James Joyce. O'Connor relishes "the supreme irony" that "the great monument of urban life [*Ulysses*] does not come from any of the famous cities of the world . . . but from a glori-

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fied market town where droves of cattle can still be seen in the streets and which is populated by an imperfectly urbanized peasantry. . . ."

The book, which originated as a series of lectures delivered at Trinity College, Dublin, ends rather pessimistically with a denunciation of contemporary middle-class Ireland's passion for censorship of any literary expression of the natural man. Fortunately, this conclusion is already out of date. A new spirit of ecumenism and liberalization is abroad in Ireland: traditionally Catholic University College and traditionally Protestant Trinity College are to be amalgamated in a greater University of Dublin under the auspices of the present Irish Government, which also is proposing a modification of censorship whereby a book can be banned only for 20 years, instead of in perpetuity. These proposals, announced in April, may not impress outsiders greatly, but they show the way the wind is blowing. It was in April too that I heard an Irish Jesuit discuss the deplorable lack of sex education in Ireland with the matron of a Dublin mental hospital. Furthermore, the recent acceptance of Austin Clarke, in spite—or perhaps because—of his anticlericalism and his Lawrentian emphasis on sex, as Ireland's greatest living poet and a cultural leader, reinforces the impression of a tremendous change of heart.

As more and more Irish intellectuals gain fluency in Gaelic, we may expect more and more of the cross-fertilization of cultures that has produced such extraordinary results in the past. Already, I am told, contemporary Gaelic poetry has been partly revolutionized by the impact of modern European poetry. But much of the influence, as Clarke's poetry shows, still runs, and should run, the other way. As O'Connor sums it all up, "I am not sure that any country can afford to discard what I have called 'the backward look,' but we in Ireland can afford it less than any other because without it we have nothing and are nothing. . . ."

PAPERBACKS BRIEFLY NOTED

Although Howard Zinn's *Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal* (Beacon $1.25) remains one of the best books on the subject, two new deserving entries are Frank Harvey's *Air War—Vietnam* (Bantam, 75¢) and John Sack's journalistic *tour de force, M.* Harvey's book received attention in the *New York Review of Books* where Robert Crichton in an outstanding review drew the appropriate and ghastly conclusions from this horrific account by the author who was, incidentally, invited to do his study by both Saigon military people and the hawkish *Flying* magazine. *M* is everything everyone says it is, and though a trifle intoxicated in its Capoteish non-fiction fiction sections, does in fact carry the profession of journalism to new heights of intensive reportage.

Penguin publishers have been busy with both originals and very decent reprints, including an unabridged edition of David Shub's remarkably good biography of Lenin (*Lenin*, $2.45), and Alexander Werth's competent study of Charles de Gaulle (*De Gaulle*, $1.45). Capitalizing on the avalanche of sympathy, they recently brought out a nifty original, titled, appropriately, *Britain on Borrowed Time*, a sound and readable analysis of the economic woes besetting that beleaguered land, so recently the last wall between the dollar and perdition. Since political surveys are still somewhat useful for the dabbler and apprentice poli-sci instructor alike, it may also be worth mentioning W.J.M. Mackenzie's rather ponderous but inclusive *Politics and Social Science* ($1.95) among the new Penguins.

Now that everyone knows, thanks to *The Other Victorians* by Steven Marcus (Bantam, $1.25), that the Victorians were as salacious as Pompeiians, Robert Langbaum sets us straight with his revisionist collection, *The Victorian Age* (Fawcett Premier, 95¢), which, expectedly, is a sober book and sensible, with neatly divided sections of history, Victorian commentary on the age, and modern commentary on the Victorian commentators.

For those with an interest in our urban convulsions, there is some good reading in Ronald Segal's *The Race War* (Bantam, $1.25), which provides a survey of the idea of global racial solidarity. Stokely Carmichael and Charles V. Hamilton in *Black Power: The Politics of Liberation* (Random House, $1.95) in America provide a more intensive push to the thesis of race as the basic unit of political organization, thereby upending Marx a little further while trying to vindicate Mailer. While *Black Power* may be indeed a "hypocritical attempt to massage the affections of jilted white liberals" as one reviewer menacingly put it, and a "reply to Bayard Rustin's scolding lectures," it is nonetheless a manifesto whose importance is likely as not to be enhanced by, say, next summer at the latest.

If Black Power is the consuming lust of the Negro movement, black humor seems to be taking over much of the new fiction. For those tired of waiting for Joseph Heller's sequel, Berkeley publishers have obliged the fans by reprinting Stanley Elkin's *Boswell* (95¢), hoping to make a buck on his new and highly acclaimed novel, *A Bad Man*. The century or so of prefatory American fiction is explicated in *The Half World of American Culture,* by Carl Bode (Southern Illinois Press, $2.45) which traverses the woods from Thoreau to e.e. cummings with ample spaces between its critical teeth. Like Constance Rourke and Edmund Wilson, Bode's penchant is for esoterica, but his journalism is good and his understanding of the roots of mass culture well developed.

JONATHAN EISEN

REVIEWERS

VIVIAN MERCIER teaches English and Comparative Literature at the University of Colorado.

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The Heir Apparent

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Macmillan, $5.95

FRANK GETLEIN

In the last paragraph of this book, the best analysis to date of the Robert Kennedy phenomenon, Mr. Shannon allows himself to say of his subject, "In less than four years after his brother's assassination, he has raised himself to a position of independent national political power."

It is not a conclusion compelled by the rest of the book.

The independent national political power now held by Robert Kennedy was held by Robert Kennedy within the first week of the Johnson Administration. It is difficult, on the record as meticulously laid out and penetratingly examined by Mr. Shannon, to see that any significant addition to that power has been made by the subsequent activities of Mr. Kennedy.

His chief qualification for the post of Attorney General of the United States was that his brother was the President. His chief qualification for the post of United States Senator from New York was that his brother was the dead President. His chief qualification for any future office, including the presidency, will certainly be nothing else than that. He has not raised himself to a position of independent national power. It was done for him by Lee Harvey Oswald.

But that independent national power is a fact, possibly an enduring one, of our national life. The prospect of that life being taken over by the possessor of the power is a gloomy one.

The gloom does not arise so much from Mr. Kennedy's political ideas. He was indeed an admirer of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy, as well as an employee, but exposure to more sophisticated thinkers has modified that. He was indeed the leading voice within the Kennedy administration for the policy of counter-insurgency that has brought us to where we are in Vietnam, but the continuance of that policy by Lyndon Johnson has apparently modified the Senator's views on that. (Although perhaps not: reports in the *Times* and by Evans and Novak both assert that the two Senators Kennedy helped write and/or urged passage of the state Democratic convention's strong resolution of support for President Johnson in Vietnam. Neither report has been denied.)

At any rate, the gloom about Robert Kennedy as once and future president doesn't come from his social or military views. Those he can buy and he is apparently developing a taste for very good ones. The great lack is sheer competence in political life. Mr. Shannon's book is very largely a tale of one failure after another in handling problems that are routine to and are routinely solved by, ordinary, non-charismatic politicians. In 1964 Robert Kennedy, revealing himself as a New Yorker and the state's logical next Senator, found the Democratic Party there a shambles, in part because of his own activities. After three years of those activities, it still is a shambles. With the single exception of getting a Surrogate judgeship for Samuel Silverman and keeping it from Arthur Klein, every Kennedy enterprise in New York has come to naught.

The underlying cause, as it emerges in Mr. Shannon's recital, seems to be lack of interest. With the help of hired brains and gag-writers—not to mention an inspired hairdresser—the Senator has improved his image considerably from when he was thought to be the torpedo of his brother the President. Perhaps in becoming affable, friendly and self-deprecating, he has lost what was then thought to be a sure political touch. Or perhaps he never really had that touch at all, but only an indefatigable family-led organization and a bottomless supply of money. What is evident is that the Republicans have both the governorship of the state and the mayoralty of the city; the Senator has contributed to both situations by dabbling in Democratic internal politics just enough to get things unfastened and not enough to nail them back together.

The record in the Senate is much the same, although, the Senate being the Senate, not so spectacular in results. The latest example was the fumble in the last hours before adjournment of

For reasons we don't understand, a leader in the Ku Klux Klan, enthusiasts of the old "and New" politics, a number of IvyLeague professors and a multitude of bewildered Christians and Jews are among the readers of

KATALLAGETE

Be Reconciled

Journal of the
Committee of Southern Churchmen

Though we don't understand, we rejoice, for we are trying to say the same thing to all four . . . that the burning crosses, old "and New" politics, the groves of academe and established religion may be the stuff of the same idol, each posing as Messiah.

Contributors during the two years of our existence have included: Walker Percy, Daniel Berrigan, James McBride Dabbs, William Stringfellow, Thomas Merton, Vincent Harding, Leslie Dunbar, Kelly Miller Smith, Christopher Lasch, Anthony Towne, John Lewis, Pat Watters and Reinhold Niebuhr.

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the last session, when Sen. Russell Long adroitly side-stepped a threatened liberal filibuster to pass the big crimp in welfare. Robert Kennedy's response was that it was unfair of Sen. Long to be on his toes. Apparently it never occurred to the New Yorker that he and his team might have been on theirs.

Senator Kennedy thus lacks sustained interest in two fields of action one might have thought essential to his calling: the mechanics of legislation and the practicalities of politics. Yet Mr. Shannon, an astute observer of the political scene, takes the Senator with complete seriousness as a presidential prospect and he is, of course, absolutely right.

The things that do interest the Senator are, in this record, his trip to Poland, his trip to South Africa, his ascent of Mount Kennedy, his trip to South America. (How like a series of high school themes it all sounds.) The common note all these matters of interest contained was the display of the subject as a one-dimensional dramatic hero.

In assessing his subject's chances, Mr. Shannon does his usual excellent job of assaying the Republican rivals in New York, Lindsay and Rockefeller, both of whom have some of the Kennedy-type charisma plus interest in their work. But the author omits the man who is possibly the most important of all, in spite of everything, to the Senator's prospects—the present and future head of the Democratic Party. There are Washington observers who have seen the promotion of Nicholas Katzenbach from Attorney General to Undersecretary of State, coincident with Justice Clark's retirement, as creating the chance for Johnson to unleash Ramsay Clark, the next step in an hypothesized Texas succession. Whether that be true or false, it is reasonable to suppose that President Johnson would be not unwilling for the leadership of his party and his country to pass to someone other than Robert Kennedy and might even lift a finger to that end. On this, which is probably the most serious obstacle to Sen. Kennedy's ambition, the book is silent, but then, so are those who might know.

The very title, *The Heir Apparent,* is a powerful argument for supporting Sen. Eugene McCarthy for his own sake. Americans of a certain age came to political maturity just in time to see the 1950's dominated by Eisenhower and his magic syntax and the 1960's by Johnson and his dull deviousness. To see the approaching 1970's take their tone from Robert Kennedy and his Pop politics is surely too much to be asked to bear.

The Master and Margarita

MIKHAIL BULGAKOV

Harper & Row, $5.95

THOMAS MILLER

We were outraged when Sinyavsky and Daniel were imprisoned, we welcomed Svetlana with open arms, and the recent trial of Bukovsky is likely to set off another orgy of indignation. We can even remember back 10 years ago to Pasternak, *Dr. Zhivago,* and the Nobel Prize that was left unclaimed. In the United States, Leroy Jones' jail sentence will certainly not contribute to a quiet Newark next summer. As censors throughout the world are learning, the power of the pen does not always emanate directly from the printed page.

But 30 years ago, no one complained about the treatment of Mikhail Bulgakov. He never got his day in court. His life was one of quiet persecution, of plays canceled at the last minute, of novels silently suppressed, of continual bureaucratic harassment. When he died in 1940, no notice appeared in the paper. Even the posthumous recognition he has now begun to receive in Russia is spoiled. When the Soviet publication *Moskva* published *The Master and Margarita* in 1962, it had been silently cut by 23,000 words, and many of these cuts were obviously for political and so-called "antisocial" reasons. If suffering is a prerequisite for great writing, then anything Bulgakov wrote must be a masterpiece.

The Master and Margarita is a worthwhile book; it is no masterpiece, however, and part of the trouble with it seems to stem from the political pressures under which Bulgakov labored.

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The overwhelming effect of the book is one of an excellent writer who has let his honest frustrations get the better of him. He uses his novel to get back at the blackguards who have hounded him throughout his life. In Bulgakov's case, there were so many of these they can scarcely fit between the covers of the book. The novel starts and stops in an attempt to dispose of a whole chorus of bureaucratic tyrants, and sacrifices unity to revenge.

Occasionally, for example, Bulgakov's "message" about literary censorship comes through with soapbox intensity—understandable but not very polished. Other episodes relate nightmarish persecutions for minor crimes—a petty housing official is transported to a Kafkaesque trial for hoarding currency, a henpecked husband is turned into a pig because of a moment of lustful longing, a whole government office is briefly condemned to sing "The Song of the Volga Boatmen" in close harmony, even as they are carted off to the insane asylum. All of these incidents are extremely funny, but form an often distracting sub-plot which is poorly integrated into the novel.

Much better are chapters about the life and writings of "the master" of the title and his mistress, Margarita, and their pact with Dr. Woland, the devil. In these sections the novel hits its stride, and it is a pity that Bulgakov could not sustain this throughout. The story of Pontius Pilate and the crucifixion, which is supposedly the novel written by the master, is strikingly beautiful, perfectly capturing the moods and feelings of Pilate as a slightly sickly, but abnormally shrewd aristocrat, plagued by political fears, ennui, and the hateful climate of his mid-Eastern fiefdom. The story of Margarita and her fearless devotion to her lover, the master, is less intense but fully to the point—the point made by Christ in the master's own novel that "cowardice is the only sin."

Behind all the events in the book is the devil, yet his seeming wisdom in ordering the events is relatively obscure. He rarely speaks or acts in the whole work at all. *The Master and Margarita* has some much-needed unity in his omniscient presence, but not enough. When the devil reappears at the end of the novel as a character, rather than as a shadowy presence, what Bulgakov's novel lacks becomes suddenly apparent.

There is no main character to tie the events together—the devil is not well enough defined. There is no real internal point of view. Often we do not see any reason why various minor characters suffer as they do. We never quite understand why the devil becomes a savior in *The Master and Margarita*. What pact Margarita has made with him is never clearly stated—she and the master seem to benefit from the pact, but others who have made pacts find only punishment. A Faust theme is only vaguely established in the book. The structure that would give coherence to the work never develops, and instead, a kaleidoscopic effect predominates, with attractive satiric parts, a pleasing whole, but still, a random pattern of beauty which has continuity and meaning only in a dimension outside the novel—art and bureaucracy in Bulgakov's Moscow.

Politics in Brazil: 1930-1964

THOMAS E. SKIDMORE

Oxford Univ. Press, $8.75

Latin American Christian Democatic Parties

EDWARD J. WILLIAMS

Univ. of Tennessee Press, $7.50

MICHAEL M. HALL

Professor Skidmore has written a useful political history of contemporary Brazil. He has skillfully synthesized information from a variety of printed sources and has filled a considerable gap in the English-language literature on the major country in Latin America. The book might have been better, however, if Skidmore had been somewhat sympathetic to the nationalistic modern Brazil whose emergence he is describing and if he had been less provincial in his insistence on American solutions to Brazilian problems.

On the subject of American private investment, for example, he declines to

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Father Hafner: "The priests I know are no longer primarily concerned about the superficial aspects of Church life. . . . They're questioning the whole thing, what a priest is, what a priest should be doing. . . . They're wondering about their own personal integrity."

Father Drane: "The priest finds himself going out in the world, into the community, doing jobs that need to be done. But after working in these jobs he begins to wonder: What am I doing that has anything to do with the priesthood?"

Father McIlvane: "All of us ought to reject the nonsensical system of being on-duty and off-duty and tell our pastors that we are going to a civil rights meeting or a neighborhood function or a day of recollection. . . . We priests often accept in cravenly fashion things which we know are wrong."

Father McBride: "I see nothing wrong at all if at a certain time in his life a priest decides to do something else. The idea of the permanency of the priesthood has been tied up with a misunderstanding of the text, 'you are priest forever.'"

Father Smith: "A hundred years ago there was a great deal of talk about most of the things agitating priests today. . . . For example, Father Thomas Farrell, a New York City pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Greenwich Village, sponsored informal seminars in his rectory for a small group of intellectual priests in his diocese. Among other things, they questioned obligatory priestly celibacy and the permanent worth of parish missions. . . . They also talked about the possibility of ordaining women to the priesthood."

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consider the substantive aspects of the matter and limits himself to mocking the Brazilian left ("the radical left . . . focused its propaganda on the 'injustice' of Brazil's economic relations with the 'capitalist' world"). Although Skidmore regrets in passing some "monopolistic behavior" by a few American companies, this is happily a matter of the "late nineteenth-century." His only criticism of American capitalism (or "capitalism" as he would put it) at the present time is directed toward the Hanna Mining Corporation which is "plagued by clumsy public relations" and "an unfortunate image." Skidmore prefers the craftier Bethlehem Steel Company, which "leaves the delicate matter of relations with the Brazilian government, insofar as possible, to its Brazilian partner."

He clearly regards economic nationalism with distaste and fastidiously observes, for example, that Getúlio Vargas' attack on foreign profit remittances "could have been grounded in less emotional language."

Almost half of the book is devoted to Brazil since 1960 and is in large part an apology for the coup d'état which overthrew leftist President João Goulart in 1964. In a special appendix, Skidmore unqualifiedly absolves the American government of any complicity in the coup. The embassy was merely "sympathetic" and "well-informed about the efforts of the conspirators." (For an admission of American involvement, see General O'Meara's testimony in the House hearings on the Foreign Assistance Act of 1964, part III, pp. 421-422, which includes the memorable line by Congressman Gross of Iowa: "Did we do this?") Professor Skidmore's innocence, if that is the proper term, extends to the subsequent military government, which he describes as "semi-authoritarian"—a characterization that is certainly tactful but which has little else to recommend it.

Professor Williams' book on the Christian Democratic parties in Latin America is the first major study of the subject in English. The author seems to be much better at research than at analysis and the book is largely a con-

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scientious, if somewhat tedious, description of the programs and policies of the various Social Christian parties in the hemisphere. Unfortunately, it provides little information on the crucial question of the record of the Frei government now in power in Chile.

Mr. Williams is, on the whole, sympathetic to the Christian Democratic parties, though he is quite skeptical about the chances of their achieving the oft-promised *revolución en libertad*. This is not a particularly rigorous or original book and is rather conservative in both ideology and methodology, but it does provide a valuable introduction to the subject.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 519)

The context was enough for any journalist to suspect that even if the word, "pacifist" appeared, it did not have the ordinary meaning of objector against war on moral grounds. "Non-activism" or "passivism" should have been suspected by anyone reading the context. If this had been suspected, a little checking would have revealed that the Religious News Service version of the Pope's message used the word, "pas-sivism."

Until the official Latin text is printed there is no authoritative version. There are two semi-official versions. Neither of them relates to the headlines and interpretation given them. If the process of peace requires truth, we are far from it. RICHARD MC SORLEY, S.J.

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Catholic magazine, N.Y. City, needs asst. Corresp., record keeping, billing, copy to printer. Receive visitors, handle phone calls. Exp. or bright beginner. Good salary, pleasant office, fringes. Box 126, Commonweal.

Avenel, N.J.

To the Editors: Come, come, gentlemen, must you wear your immaturity so blatantly on the Editorial Page ("Peace and Pacifism," Dec. 29)? "We use the phrase 'The Bishop of Rome' deliberately in referring to the author of those words. They are unworthy of a Pope."

Whether I disagree or not with Paul VI, I still seem to recall some of the common, ordinary rules proper to a Christian gentleman. I never associated the mark of a buffoon with the editors of *Commonweal* before, but I do now. The good to be found in the meat of the editorial was completely ruined (desecrated?) by your display of histrionics and touch of melodrama. . . .

REV. CHESTER GENECKI

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Your remarks (Dec. 29) about Pope Paul's unfortunate comments on pacifism were well taken. Many people, including the Pope in this case, speak of men's "duty to give their life for the service of their own country and of their own brothers," without pointing out that this duty also involves *killing* other men "in the service of their own country," etc. Most pacifists have this in mind when they object to war, and it is quite an oversight on the Pope's part to have forgotten it. EDWIN KENNEBECK

Blackmail

No. Dartmouth, Mass.

To the Editors: . . . Removing the threats of mortal sin and hell fire from missing Sunday Mass ("News and Views," Dec. 29), blackmailing them to attend and pass in their Sunday envelopes "so we can give you a good reference if you wish to be a godparent for a child or wish a good report for the Internal Revenue" is not treating people with reason and free will. Christ took a chance on people passing him by. He did not go around issuing threats. He invited people to follow him and he makes the criterion—not Sunday Mass but "By this shall all men know you are my disciples if *you have love* one for another." . . .

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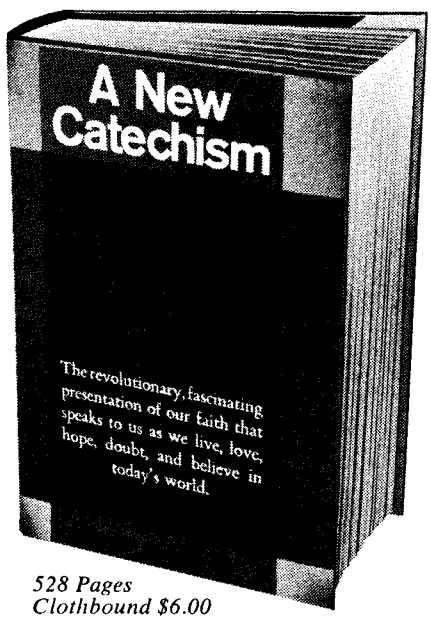
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